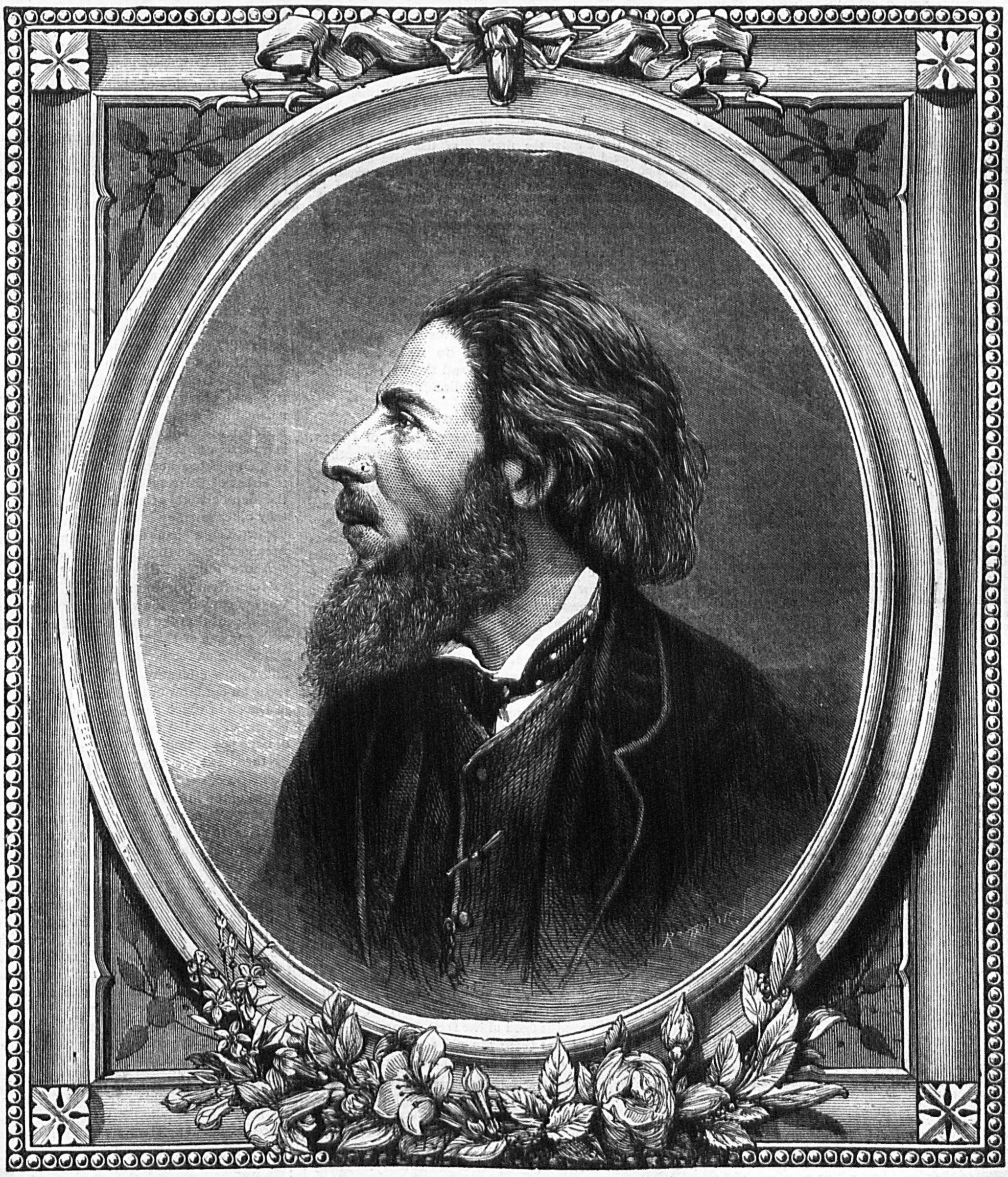
THE ILLUSTRATED Newspaper.

VOL. II.—No. 31. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1871.] PRICE THREEPENCE. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.



ALMEIDA REIS.

PICTURES ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

THE GREAT WESTERN.

ST. COLUMB.

FROM Nature herself, no doubt, primeval man learned the lesson of constructing bridges and viaducts. In this school of engineering, the first human inhabitants of Cornwall were favourably placed. Across many a sea bight or little bay, and over many a chasm, is thrown a passage way of rock; and the roof of many a sea-washed cave forms a viaduct on the cliff-top. A very fine example of this workmanship not of human hands is the Natural Bridge at St. Columb, whereof our artist gives a beautiful and striking sketch.*

We have been so bountifully supplied with notes and descriptions of St. Columb that we are tempted to throw aside our own scanty memoranda, the result of a very hasty visit, and to fill in our account by means of the free use of extracts, premising that we are in a position to support the testimony of these eye-witnesses as to the great beauty and interest of the scenes mentioned, and as to the excellent entertainment which the tourist will find at the "Red Lion Hotel," kept by Mr. Polkinhorne, of whom Murray, in his most reliable handbook, says:—"Mr. Polkinhorne is an excellent guide to the district, and a most civil and obliging landlord." We quoted, two or three weeks since, when referring to the scenery in the immediate vicinity of "Queen Elizabeth's Rock," a lively and well-written article, by Mr. G. Frederick Jackson, of Plymouth, which appeared in a popular magazine some years ago. From the same paper we cull the following notes of a visit to St. Columb:—

> Soon we quit the lanes, and, leaving the beautiful valley of Llanherne, with its convent embosomed in the quiet of century-old trees, on our right hand, come out on a broad patch of moorland, with the pink and white and purple Erica piled up on the low sandy banks, which are the only boundaries upon either side of the trackway; the Blechnum shooting its green spikes in profusion, and long trails of the honeysuckle drooping from no one can say where. A few steps further and a lifting of the horizon, with a breath of fresher air coming at the same moment—a feeling as it were of new vigour suddenly endued—and at once the sea bursts upon our view, gleaming, rolling, fading far away into the distance, of that deep, pure, beautiful colour, the true ultramarine tint, which only a Cornish sea, so far as I know, possesses, and which Mr. Hook, as I think, alone among artists, can paint. . . . . . And so we wander on beneath the grey precipices, in the full sunlight, in the falling shadows, of a glorious August day. Sometimes, as we get further out towards the point or horn of the half-circle of coast which we have been traversing, we have to watch for such opportunity as the retreat of a wave affords us, in order to get round the outermost rocks of all. It is a critical moment when, the last smooth oil-like flow of the preceding wave waxing thinner, the white curls of the next already beginning to be glassed in the moist sands below, we make our venture. Once or twice I, who am over-adventurous, am caught by the hissing water waist-high, but I cling to a rock till the feeling as if hundreds of pounds' weight were pulling at my feet has passed away; and, in fact, I think I rather like the excitement of the situation than not. These essays have to be made as often as we reach a spot where the tide has not fallen far enough to suit our purpose, and nature has bored no arch for us, no crevice which we can creep through to the beach beyond. Now we discover the maiden-hair growing far up in the rift of a detached mass of rock, and now we come upon the track of a seal at the mouth of one of the caves. In one place, the only point we have found a break, the central portion of the cliff opens back, on either hand, into a low alluvial valley; where the marigolds, as we are informed, in spring-time burn like fiery stars amid the rank marsh-grasses; and out of this a famous trout-stream comes gliding, slipping down from musical water-break to waterbreak, and then away quietly over the yellow sands to the sea. This is Freshwater Bay.

The following extracts are from an account of a visit to St. Columb, which formed, a few years ago, one of a series of sketches called "Home Scenes," written for the *Western Morning News*:—

> It was a fine morning in this very springtide that we rose early, possessed with a determination to have a day's enjoyment. We had resolved upon an expedition to the north coast, distant between four and five miles from St. Columb. On referring to Besley, we found that it was high water about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and as this is far from the most convenient time at which to survey the coast, we deferred our visit there until the afternoon. Placing ourselves under the direction of the obliging host of the Red Lion Hotel, we are conducted out of the town by a north-westerly direction, and are charmed with the views presented in the valley of Llanherne. The forest is awaking from the long and dreary monotony of winter; the streamlet flows on with a soft and lulling cadence to join the waters of the Bristol Channel; the winged songsters of heaven fill the air with the sweetness of their songs. We pass the grounds of Carnanton, the residence of Humphrey Willyams, Esq., a fine old English seat, whose woods are famous for the beauty of their ferns, and whose mansion is no less celebrated for its genial hospitality. Soon we reach a beautifully sequestered valley, Mawgan by name. The old steeple rises in beauty to the sky, and as it points heavenward it looks like a guardian sentinel keeping watch and ward over the peaceful plain. A group of venerable elms cast their long shadows over the quiet graveyard, where at a glance there is detected a stern reminder of the dangers of the deep. Amid a mass of tombstones, old, and grey, and moss-coloured, there rises in melancholy significance the painted stern of a fishing boat, *in memoriam* of ten poor fellows who, in the pursuit of their hazardous calling, were, one night in 1846, all frozen to death in their boat, which in the evening drifted to the shore "a floating coffin with a ghastly crew." . . .
>
> By this time the tide must be falling rapidly, and, resuming our seats in the vehicle, we soon lose sight of this pretty little retreat and speedily arrive in sight of the waters of the North Channel, glittering in the afternoon sun. Ascending the hill on the right of Mawgan Porth, we find ourselves upon a soft and spongy heath of great extent, which in the summer is covered with wild daisies. Tumuli, supposed to contain sepulchral urns or Roman relics, dot at irregular intervals the surface of the plain, and these afford ample room for the researches of the archæologist. To the east lies the pleasantly-situated and advancing town of Padstow. Trevalgey Head is united to the mainland by a wooden bridge, and a few minutes might well be spent at the blowing hole. In front lies outspread the broad, blue expanse of the Bristol Channel, the restless waves breaking in increasing surges upon the sands. Proceeding in an easterly direction we gain respectively Tregurrian and Trevarren beaches. The tide still recedes, and as we walk along the firm and sandy beach, dark and precipitous granite cliffs tower above us to the height of three hundred to four hundred feet. Suddenly we come upon a group of rocks, of shapes the most fantastic, one bearing at a distance not a bad resemblance to Queen Elizabeth, and this is termed Bedruthan Steps. We halt awhile to enjoy the surrounding scenery, and, the tide having receded sufficiently far, we, conducted by our guide, enter one of the magnificent caverns with which this portion of the coast abounds. It is of vast proportions, the immense entrance portals being at least 250 feet in height. Unaccustomed as we were to explorations in such cavernous regions, the task was not accomplished without some difficulty, although we were not much troubled with apprehensions of enormus polypi attached to the rocks stretching out their fibrous arms in every way to entrap us. We durst not remain long in this hugh fissure; the tide will very soon be up again; and we find the droppings from the rocks to be far more numerous than consolatory. We emerge once more into the light of day, and spend another hour in searching for curious shells and fossils. At length, hastening to the spot where a small boy had been left in charge of the vehicle, by the time we have clambered to the top of the cliff the sun has sank to rest far beyond the western hills. A cool breeze plays over the elevated plateau. With the gradual approach of night one star after another peeps out from amidst the broad, dark sheet of indigo above. We return to Mawgan. Dim lights shine forth from the convent windows, and the only sound which breaks upon the stillness of the evening air is the echo of a song from the parlour of the Gardeners' Arms. The cattle have long since retired to their sheds; every feathered songster in those tall elms is at peace with himself and with the world; the rippling of the little stream is scarcely heard, whilst now and again the distant murmuring swell of the ocean breaks upon the calmness of the night. A pleasant drive brings us within view of the lights of St. Columb, and as we prepare to retire to that land where the beauties of wood and river, the mysterious secrets of the sea, and the desire for the inspection of tumuli and cromlechs are alike for the time forgotten, we earnestly hope that the reader who does us the honour of perusing these few lines will, on his visit to St. Columb, meet with a day as full of enjoyment as did the writer of this notice.

These are but a few items of the scenery on the coast of North Cornwall within tolerably easy reach of St. Columb. When the tourist leaves the vicinity of Watergate Bay, we advise him to make for Wadebridge as a new starting-place, and thence explore the charmingly picturesque coast line about Tintagell Head.

DREWSTEIGNTON.

This brings us back to the very centre of Devon. Railway tourists in the West, as a rule, know nothing about Drewsteignton. It does not lie in the line of any one of the ordinary routes through the country. It is not a populous or important place in itself, nor is there any town or village of large population, or doing any considerable trade, anywhere near it. In fact, Drewsteignton has been so little noticed when the lion scenes of Devon have been spoken of, that the place is often referred to now in the capital of the county as one recently discovered. Some years ago Mr. Widgery, an Exeter artist who has grown quite famous for his brilliant pictures of the wild and the beautiful scenery of inland Devon, set down his easel upon the banks of the upper Teign, close by this village, and selected scenes for his canvas. The marvellous picturesqueness of the place grew upon him as he painted; subjects and points of view were literally inexhaustible, and for years he spent the greater part of his springs, summers, and autumns there, producing oil paintings and water-colour sketches which his patrons were never tired of purchasing, and which have found their way into the galleries of lovers of pictures all over England. So it is often said in the old city that Mr. Widgery discovered Drewsteignton, and that his pictures caused the place to be regarded as one to be visited by tourists, holidaymakers, and admirers of grand and beautiful scenery.

The village of Drewsteignton has been slow to profit by its growing popularity. Its inhabitants can hardly bring themselves to understand why, almost on a sudden, strangers should take the fit of driving some fourteen miles of bad road to visit the place. Not that they are insensible of the charms of the upper Teign. They are very proud indeed of the scenery, and are glad enough to be told that there are not many spots in this island, of similar character, to compare with it. But they cannot help reflecting that, as the scenery is now, very much so has it been these hundreds and thousands of years; and well enough do they know that until within the last few years the appearance of a stranger was as rare at Drewsteignton as at the most uninteresting inland village in any part of the country. There is, indeed, very little accommodation for tourists in the village. Yet it is a place to stop at for awhile, and therefore we recommend tourists to write some days beforehand to the New Inn and bespeak beds, for if the limited accommodation at the disposal of the landlord should not be already engaged, the visitor will find himself there in excellent, though homely, quarters, and will enjoy the time of his stay at Drewsteignton as keenly as if he were domiciled in the great hotel at Plymouth or in the London or Royal Clarence at Exeter.

In this village, though it stands at a great elevation, and is within half a mile of the grand and glorious valley of the Teign, no glimpse is obtained of the picturesque scenery around. Ten minutes' walk, however, down a stony lane, so steep that it is hard to help descending "by the run," brings you to Fingle Bridge. We have no hesitation in saying that there are scattered about Devon and the country generally hundreds of paintings and sketches of Fingle Bridge, most of them taken within the last fifteen or twenty years. The drop scene at Exeter Theatre, which was the immediate predecessor of that which now falls "between the acts," was a finely-executed representation of Fingle Bridge, with cattle grazing down by the water's edge in the foreground. There are many points of view from which the scene may be sketched, and not one comes amiss. At this point the roystering stream runs at the bottom of a mighty rift between giant, rocky hills. The perilous slopes, from the stony ridge atop almost down to the water's edge, are covered for the most part with trees like a forest, and the eye is carried up by what looks like a velvety surface of tree tops. The river twists and curves in fantastic fashion, the waters running over, between, and around enormous boulders, cast down from the hill-sides ages ago—before those trees began to grow—and worn smooth by the never-ceasing action of the delightful torrent. The bridge itself is a pure specimen of the rustic sort, low in the parapet and overgrown with ivy, and whether you lean over the coping on this side or that, or take your stand down on the shore, on the north side or the south, or pick your way to a dry stone in the middle of the current, you cannot help getting a view which makes a perfect picture.

It does not matter much whether you begin your explorations in an upward or downward direction alongside the Teign from Fingle Bridge. The downward walk is the longest, and it lands you, in about eight miles, at the village of Dunsford. There is a beaten foot-track, though sometimes a rather rough one, by the water's side all the way. If you take the route to Dunsford you come upon a magnificent view at every turn. Always the hills cast themselves into new shapes to make fresh pictures; always the stream is taking up with some new fancy, and the rocks among which the waters travel present some novel eccentricity. Such a double line of hills, now so green and wooded, now so rocky and fantastic and many-hued; such a valley of tree and shrub and fern and wild flowers; such a musical and merry stream we know not where else the traveller will find. That which most nearly resembles it is a portion of the upper Dart, below "Two Bridges," in the neighbourhood of Ashburton. It would be unjust to either of these spots to compare it with the other to the depreciation of either, and we can only say that they differ in many important particulars, and that the upper Teign has the advantage of running for a greater distance through this description of scenery.

Above Fingle Bridge the walk by the river's side extends from two to three miles; but there are various ways of exploring the valley, and from each the view is so different that the tourist ought not to content himself with any one of them alone. He should wander by the water-side on the northern bank and on the southern, and should afterward follow the same lines by the terraces on the brow of the hills. Of all the river scenery in Devon in which a narrow stream brawls along at the bottom of a valley between mountainous hills, we know of none presenting the peculiar conformation exhibited by these two or three miles west of Fingle Bridge. The form of the bed of the Teign is serpentine, and the slopes of the hills follow the curves; so, as we look along the range from any of the heights above Fingle Bridge we seem to gaze upon two sets of forest-clothed mountains, curving in and out, and dovetailing into each other across the rift.

The drive to Drewsteignton is about fourteen miles from Exeter and nine from Okehampton. The distance, however, is not more than five from the railway station at Moreton Hampstead, on a branch line running north from the main at Newton Abbot. The walk or drive from Moreton Hampstead is a pleasant one, finishing on the heights above Fingle Bridge with a most glorious view of the rocky hills we have attempted to describe. Within three miles of Drewsteignton is Chagford, the usual base of operations for tourists visiting the east side of Dartmoor.

BY express permission of Her Majesty the remains of the late Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne will be interred within the fortress of the Tower, of which he was Constable. The date is not yet definitely fixed; but the funeral will probably take place on Tuesday, the 17th inst.

"After thoroughly testing it, I believe your Vegetable Pain Killer to be the best medicine for diarrhœa I have ever known. It gives speedy and permanent relief without any shock or causing constipation. It is a most useful and valuable family medicine. "E. T. BARRETT.
"*Surrey Chambers, Strand, July*, 1869.
367] "To Perry Davis & Son, London."

---

* Through an accident to the block at the moment of going to press we are compelled to defer till next week our picture of the Natural Bridge at St. Columb.

OUR LONDON NOTE BOOK.

Necropolis.

Pere-la-Chaise used to be regarded as one of the great sights of Paris, but of late years we seldom hear its name mentioned by gossiping English travellers, nor does it occupy at all a conspicuous place in modern guide-books. Is it because a period has come when England—and especially our metropolis—is able to show to the rambler in the suburbs of our towns and cities some of the most beautiful cemeteries in the world?

Père-la-Chaise possesses an interest peculiarly its own, and we would not say a word to deter a young tourist, paying his first visit to Paris, from making a pilgrimage thither. The great graveyard is a book of history to the student, and it is a lesson, too, in French character and manners. Some of the tourist's preconceived notions of the moods of the French people will be shaken, if not overturned, by that half-day's visit to the east end of Paris. He will see there that our volatile neighbours can mourn and refuse to be comforted, and can pay such tributes of devotion to the dead as the Englishman would believe to be impossible in the land of the Gauls. Widows and mothers and fathers are there whose loss, it is painfully plain, has shut them out henceforth wholly from the world. A veil has fallen between them and the ordinary conditions and feelings of life, and they are waiting only to die. To them presents itself as a strange mockery that broad panoramic view of Paris, seen from the high ground of Père-la-Chaise perhaps better than from any other point of vantage outside the city. When the foreign visitor leaves the ground, thoughtful and half-sad, reflecting upon many things that only arise in the mind upon such occasions, he will wake up in the midst of his reverie, perhaps, to find himself in the very midst of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the breeding-bed of revolution: then other serious reflections will trip up those which were born in the cemetery, and another mistaken impression of the nature of the French people will be removed. The inhabitants of those streets and bye-ways, he will observe, are anything but gay; the reverse of bright or quick. They are semi-savages, dull, wild-eyed, morose, low in type as to brain, and of inferior physique. They have nothing of the light-heartedness of the Gallic character. They are the wolves of social life; and when the visitor has passed through two or three streets of them he will understand revolutionary Paris better than might have been possible from any amount of reading.

We were thinking, however, of the London cemeteries when these reminiscences of the famous burial ground of Paris came into our head. Our extramural graveyards are notable examples of the institutions of the metropolis—remarkable in themselves and of deep interest to all thinking and observing people—of which our country friends know little or nothing. Which of our provincial readers, not specially called to a London cemetery by reason of the loss of friend or kin buried there, ever spared half a day out of one of his brief periodical visits to the metropolis, for the purpose of looking over the cemetery of Highgate, of Finchley, or of Kensal Green? Yet until he has done so he has missed a very important experience of the English capital. He sees us in the height of business, and in the midst of pleasure and gaiety; he has opportunities of reflecting upon our enormous wealth, and the almost fathomless depths of our poverty; he sees enterprise, thrift, waste, haste, recklessness, high art, and intellectual culture; but London as it is in its great burial grounds does not follow from all or any of these. It is a city apart. It is a something to be studied by itself.

These cemeteries are choice gardens. They are, within reasonable limits, as beautiful as art and money can make them. There is no hint in them of the squalor, the dirt, the smoke, the hurry, the vice of London. Our city must have set itself down, in the old ages, in a spot of extraordinary fertility and purity of atmosphere, or such grounds as these, where grass and trees and flowers flourish at their brightest and best, would not now be possible so close upon the life and business of this enormous city. We do not propose to enter to-day upon a description of all or any of these excellently and tastefully arranged dominions of the dead; for where would be the end of our discourse were we to note and preach and moralise up and down those quiet and beautiful avenues, filled with monuments sculptured in the costliest stone? We deem it enough for our purpose to point out to strangers that they miss a something that would help them to know and understand London far better than they do, by not sparing a few hours now and then during their sojourn in the capital in visiting now one and now another of our great public cemeteries. They may imagine that they can judge beforehand what these places may be, having learned that they are situated on high ground, out of the smoke of the city, and have had large sums of money spent upon them; but it is just this presumption of knowledge against which we would guard our country friends. Practically, if set down on paper in items, the cemeteries are what a stranger might expect them to be; but the impression a visit leaves on the mind is so much superior to the sort of matter-of-fact knowledge extrinsically obtained, that we are fain to assert that the visitor does not do justice to the London of to-day who does not see for himself such public cemeteries as those of Kensal Green and Highgate.

Market in the Streets.

We do not refer to the old grievance arising from the London habit of turning a large number of our streets into perpetual markets. The system has its evils, but enormous would be the suffering, perhaps, that would be entailed by putting a stop to it. It is the living of hundreds and thousands of the poorest. The principle is not a good one. The aggregate waste of time incurred by the employment of so many people in merely vending what might be purchased at the shops with a very little additional help behind the counter, is immense. Those huckstering stall-keepers are really performing but very little service to the community, and getting but a scanty living for themselves. But the system has grown up into gigantic proportions, and cannot be set aside without something like a revolution. Meanwhile we are disposed to look upon it from a somewhat æsthetic point of view. It is certainly picturesque. It presents what, for want of a better phrase, we sometimes call an "old-world" appearance. Life that is distinctively modern does not present many favourable art aspects. A brigand is more picturesque than a swell-mobsman, and even a beadle looks better in an old engraving than would a policeman. It is somewhat strange that though London may be said to be, we suppose, in the very van of progress, and the leader of modern ideas and practices, there are more hints of the scenes and features of life two or three centuries ago to be seen in the streets of the capital than in any other town in the kingdom. Our street markets, banished from almost all other towns, are examples in point.

We intended to speak, however, not of these extemporised costermongers' markets, held on the kerb of our pavements, but of the great wholesale heaping of provisions into our principal streets on pretence of carrying on the business of a great, established, national market. We are thinking of Covent Garden. Is there any sham in London like Covent Garden Market? The little, old, ramshackle building, with all the area round it, does not provide accommodation for a tithe of the business transacted on market day. Every street, radiating in any direction from the market centre, is full of carts, and green-stuff, and fruit, from an early hour in the morning till near the middle of the day. Down into the Strand, nearly up into Oxford-street, the market stretches, always impeding traffic, sometimes stopping it entirely, and rendering other business all but impossible for the time.

The ratepayers of London are a long-suffering people, and do not quickly enforce the abolition of abuses. Between them and their local representatives there is but a slight understanding and a comparatively remote connection. So there are evils of this sort of which complaint is made for a long time and no remedy appears. There is a scheme afoot for the closing-up for ever of Covent Garden Market and the opening of a new and extensive market-place for Mid-London upon a portion of the great area left now like a wilderness by the making of the Holborn Valley Viaduct. We expect, however, to hear the project canvassed for a very long time before it is carried out.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Starring in the Provinces.

There is a peculiar pleasure in seeing a London stage "star" on the boards of a country theatre. We do not mean that there is any advantage in inferior arrangements, cheap accessories, and a "cast" of a quality lower than that with which the star is in the habit of acting on the London stage; but if we want to study very closely all the characteristics and peculiarities of a great actor, we think we prefer to watch him in the character of a star. He is then so far out of proportion to his surroundings that everything he does is rendered conspicuous. He has before him a new audience, whom he has to make understand the secret of his fame, and he works up all his points and shows himself off like a man making the best of a new introduction in social life. Then you get closer to him, you give him your undivided attention, and you find, when the play is over, that you have been absolutely studying one man for so many hours; and you feel that you do indeed know a great deal about him, and will be able to speak with some authority of his qualities as an actor for the remainder of your days.

Probably a good deal of the remarkable success on the stage of Mr. J. L. Toole is due to his assiduous attention to the provinces. He never neglects his country friends, never slights them, and is always on the very best terms with them. They count on his coming from the metropolis at a stated season as one of the events of the year, and he goes down among them with a certain exuberance of spirits, feeling that he shall do his very best, and be appreciated at least as well as if he were behind the metropolitan footlights. He has just been doing *Caleb Plummer* in the North with a success that must be a little startling to those critics who have thrown a doubt upon his power over the pathetic sentiments. His *Caleb Plummer* really seems to us to settle that point. After that personation we find it impossible to agree with the critic in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who has expressed a doubt upon the genuineness of this great comedian's pathos. They understand the pathetic in some of those counties through which Mr. Toole has been travelling, and their verdict is very strong on his side.

There is hardly another example of success in "starring" equal to that of Mr. Toole. He makes, perhaps, a more complete tour of the provinces than any other London actor, and his triumphs are indeed remarkable. So great is his popularity that he is under the necessity of holding two benefit nights in each large town, in order to give his friends an opportunity of testifying their appreciation of his talent by their presence. The *Scotsman* notices his *Caleb Plummer* at Edinburgh as a very fine personation, and reports his little speech before the curtain, wherein he says that it is seventeen years since he first came to Edinburgh and made many of the friends who are true to him still; they were indulgent then, and they had been kind ever since, and had been growing in number as well as in generosity.

We are glad to see so much success attending these expeditions of favourite players into the provinces. We can see no good likely to come of dullness in the country, and it is always unpleasant to hear of the decadence of the drama there. London is quite sufficiently absorbing, and it is with pleasure that we think we can detect a slight turn of the tide. The change begins with the provincial newspaper press, which is growing more and more important year by year. Where the newspaper leads other things will follow, and we shall see by and by, perhaps, every division of England with a capital of its own enjoying many of the advantages which there has been a tendency in the metropolis to monopolise since the construction of railways.

The Great Novelist's Home.

Portsmouth is not wholly insensible of the honour of having been the birthplace of Charles Dickens. When he died a local newspaper suggested a town memorial, but for a time nothing further was heard of the project. It is now, however, revived, and in a practical shape. This is the paragraph on the subject in the paper referred to:—

> During the past week a provisional committee—on which are several of the borough magistrates, with the Mayor (John Baker, Esq.) as president—has been formed; and at a preliminary meeting, held on Thursday last, it was resolved to open a subscription list. . . . That the list just opened will contain scores of well-known names is certain; but would it not be honoured by the contributions of the humble? Had such a movement been commenced in the lifetime of Dickens, no subscriptions would have afforded him greater gratification than the shillings of the class in whom he took so warm an interest.

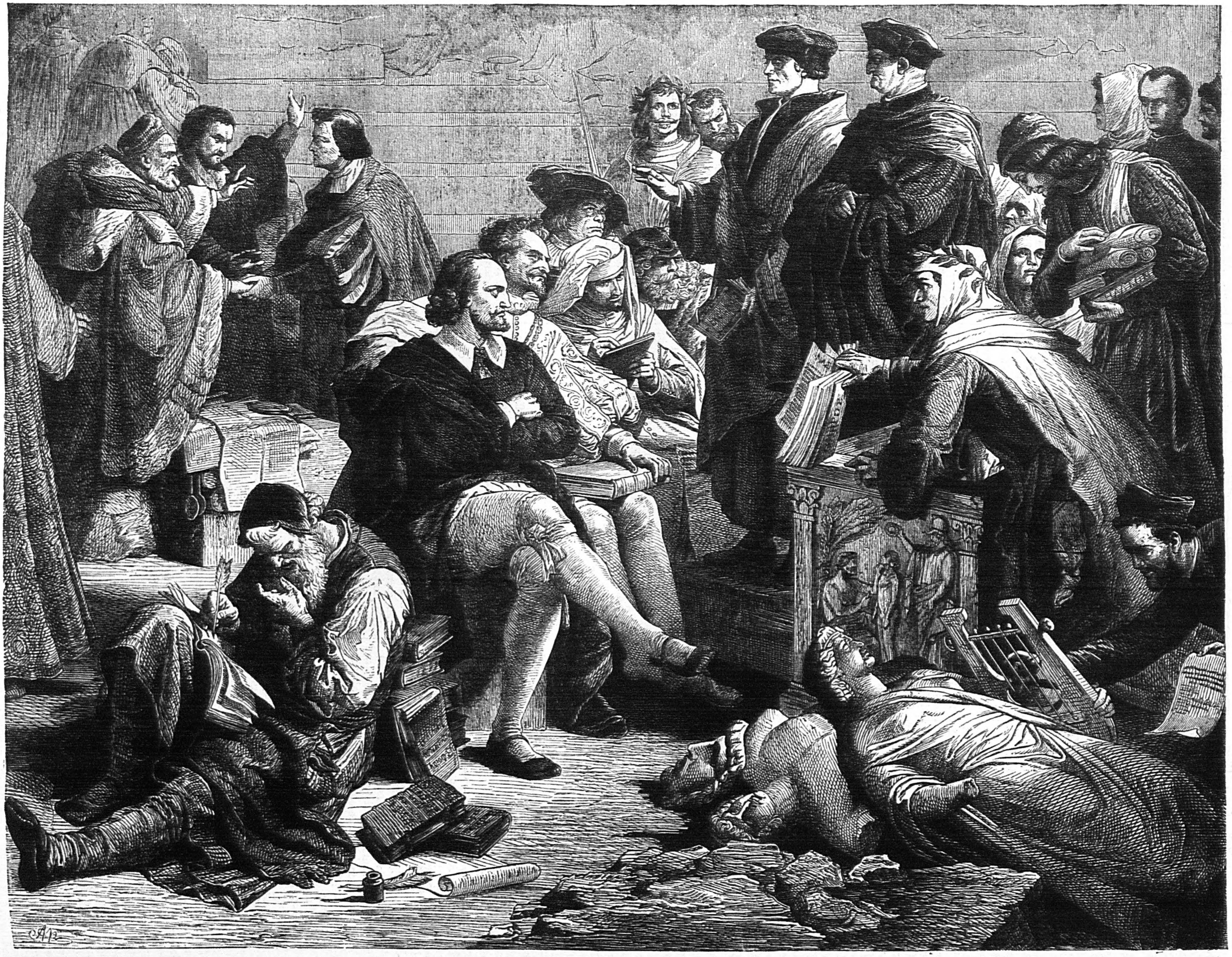
Portsmouth should make a worthy memorial of this, while she is doing. The influence of Dickens upon the age, intellectually and morally, has not yet been measured. His fame will increase as time wears on, and the town of his birth will take little credit for raising a monument to the memory of the author of "Pickwick" and "David Copperfield" unless it be a handsome one.

Medical Advice.

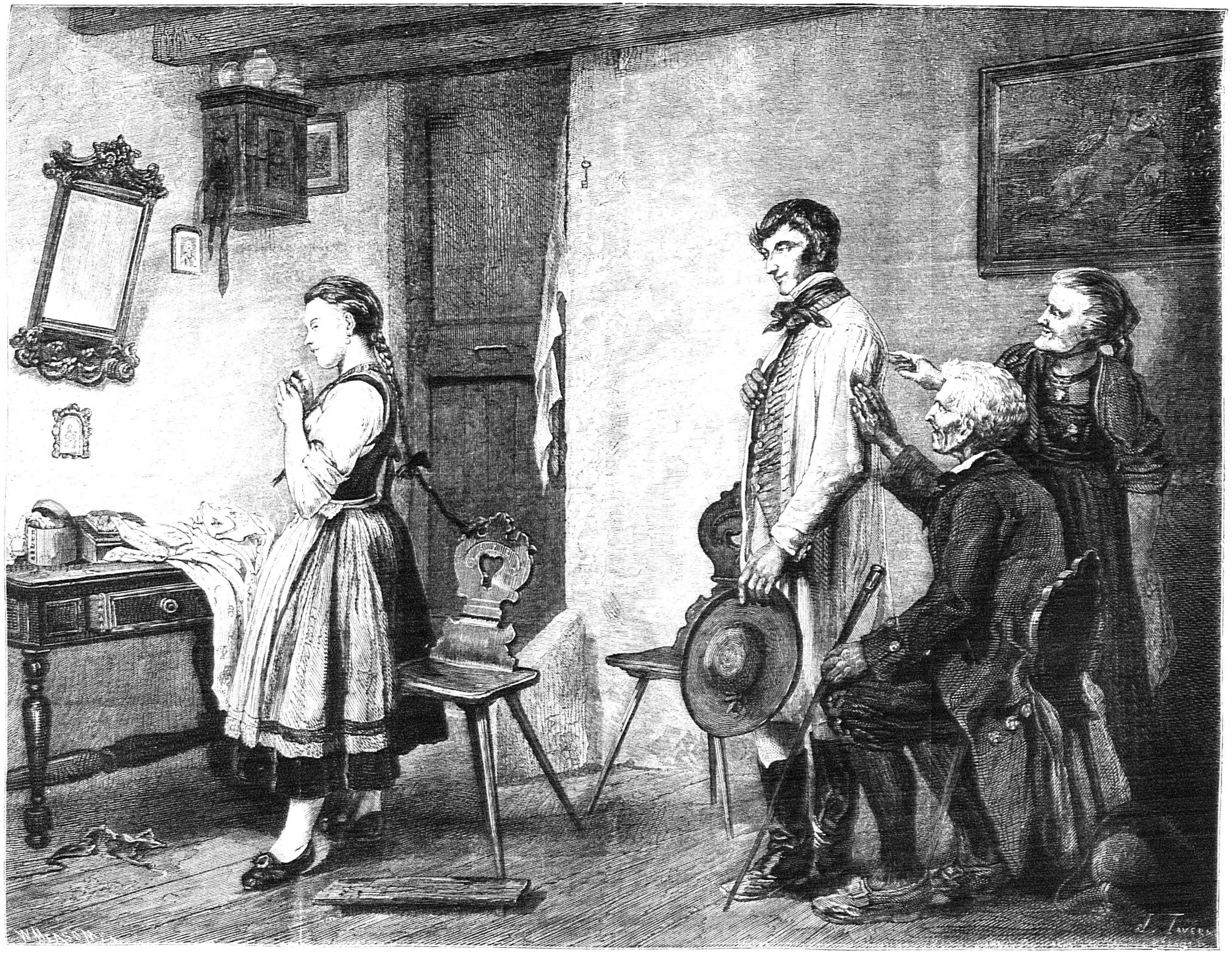
We quoted a passage some weeks ago from a report of the proceedings of a Board of Guardians, showing that a medical officer holding an appointment under the board had got himself into difficulties with the guardians by ordering porter to out-door paupers, by way, it was alleged, of eking out the pittance of parochial relief. The question raised was whether a medical officer might prescribe porter by reason of the fact that the pauper had not the means of getting sufficient sustenance. We thought it rather a nice point, and we are interested to find another example bearing on the question in a report of a meeting of the Canterbury Board of Guardians. The following extract speaks for itself:—

> A woman named Gaffee, an inmate of the House, applied to be allowed half a pint of porter per diem.
>
> In reply to a question, the Master said the woman worked at the wash-tub two days in the week, on each of which she had one pint of porter. She also did another woman's work in the house, and that was the reason she applied for a half pint of porter on each day except the washing days.
>
> Mr. Rayner said that if the medical officer chose to allow it, he had nothing more to say; but if the Board took upon themselves to do so he should write to the Poor Law Board about it.
>
> Mr. Swain observed that the Poor Law Board had been abolished.
>
> The woman said she worked very hard every day, and the medical officer had told her the master could give it her if he chose.
>
> It was agreed that if the medical officer chose to allow the woman an extra half-pint a day, the Board would make no objection to his doing so.

In this case, it seems, the guardians are content to wink at an evasion of the strict duties of the medical officer. It cannot be his duty to prescribe porter in consideration of labour performed, and if the porter under such circumstances is not illegal, one would think it were better for the guardians to accept the responsibility of ordering the supply.



AN ALLEGORICAL PICTURE OF THE REFORMATION.



THE BASHFUL WOOER.

OSLER'S CRYSTAL GLASS CHANDELIERS.
TABLE GLASS OF ALL KINDS.
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.
MODERATOR LAMPS and LAMPS FOR INDIA.
LONDON Show Rooms, 45, Oxford Street, W.
BIRMINGHAM Manufactory and Show Rooms, Broad Street. [374

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

J. & P. COATS, SEWING, TATTING, AND CROCHET COTTON MANUFACTURERS, PAISLEY.
Holders of Prize Medals awarded at the London and Paris Exhibitions for Excellence of Quality.

J. & P. COATS beg to call the attention of the Public to the IMPROVED BEST SOFT SEWING COTTON, which, with the view of more fully meeting the wants of Sewing Machines, they now make Six-Cord in all lengths from No. 10 to 100 inclusive.

The importance of this change will be more clearly understood when they state that in the Trade ordinary Soft Sewing Cotton, in all lengths, known as Six-Cord, is such to No. 40 only, being Four-Cord from 42 to 70, and Three-Cord above that number.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.
Wm. Gilmour, 80, Wood Street, Cheapside, London.
James F. Hutton and Co., The Temple, Dale Street, Liverpool.
Walter Gow, 39, Spring Gardens, Manchester.
Ernest Goudchaux, 60, Boulevard de Sebastopol, Paris. [377

BAKER AND CRISP'S CHEAP SILKS.
FANCY DRESSES.
MUSLINS, PIQUES.
PERCALES, ALPACAS.
GRENADINES.
GAZ DE CHAMBRAYS.
COSTUMES, JACKETS.
Patterns Free.
198, REGENT-ST. LONDON.
[380

FRENCH MERINOS, widest, finest, best, at 2s. the yard. SERGES, at 1s. 6d., all colours, navy blue, bottle green, &c.

VELVETEENS, wide, soft, and silk-like, at 2s. 6d.; the new colours at 3s.

SATIN-FACED CLOTH, enriched with silk and brocaded, at 1s. 11d. the yard, sold usually at 2s. 9d.; all wool ditto, at 12½d.

RICH SILKS, in Black, Colours, Corded, and Japanese, at 2s. 6½d.

These superior fabrics are submitted with the warranty of a firm established fifty years. Patterns sent.

HARVEY and CO., Lambeth House, Westminster Bridge. [494

B. BARNARDO,
76, ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW,
The largest Importer and Manufacturer of FURS in Scotland. [382

SMALPAGE AND SON,
43, MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, LONDON.
NEW YORK: 82, FIFTH AVENUE. [425

FOR PICTURE FRAMES, PICTURE FRAMING, MOULDINGS, &c.—EMDIN'S. [See advt. last page.] [451

CARPETS AND CARPET BEATING.

MESSRS. TYLER & SON, 1, Long Acre, W.C., Contractors to Her Majesty's Government for the supply of Carpets, Linoleum, Kamptulicon, and all descriptions of floor coverings to the Royal Palaces and Public Buildings. Carpets taken up, beaten, and relaid. Lowest Cash prices. [444

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE.

The only Hotel at this delightful watering-place that commands an uninterrupted view of the sea, making up 70 beds.
Table d'Hôte at Seven.
H. BLACKWELL, Proprietor.
[462

FALMOUTH HOTEL, close to the Railway Station and Pendennis Castle, the most beautifully situated hotel in Cornwall, and replete with every comfort.
MRS. BARRATT, Manager,
(Late of the Westminster Palace Hotel). [460

THOMPSON'S KALYDOR SOAP
CONTAINS a large per-centage of GLYCERINE, in combination with other ingredients of the most emollient kind.
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION
This Soap is invaluable. THE PERFUME IS RICH AND ENDURING. Prices 4d. and 6d. per Tablet; and in Boxes of Three Cakes, 1s. and 1s. 6d. the Box.
FACTORY: 12, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON.
Wholesale and for Exportation. [436

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. L. BATEMAN.—Complete Success of the new play, "Fanchette, the Will-o'-the-Wisp," which, with its new scenery, characteristic costumes and music, and thoroughly excellent cast, is universally pronounced one of the most charming productions that has ever graced the London stage. TO-NIGHT, at Seven, BAMBOOZLING. Mr. Charles Warner. At Eight, FANCHETTE, THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP. Characters by Miss Isabel Bateman, Miss G. Pauncefort, Mrs. F. B. Egan; Mr. H. Irving, Mr. G. Belmore, Mr. Addison, &c. Concluding with TWICE KILLED. Mr. George Belmore. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7. Box-office open under the direction of Mr. H. Griffiths. [486

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.—The West-end popular lounge, crowded nightly with delighted audiences, all of whom testify to the excellence of the entertainments. Open every evening at 7.15. Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 2.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll Street, Regent Street.—The brilliant Equestrian Quadrille, the "Lorne Lancers," on horseback, received at each representation with acclamations of delight, will be continued until further notice.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.—Artistic Evolutions by the incomparable Troupe, including the greatest riders of the age.

HENGLER'S GRAND CIRQUE, Argyll Street, Regent Street, London.—Open every evening at 7.15; commence at 7.45. Grand Illuminated Matinées every Wednesday and Saturday. Open at 2; commence at 2.30. Admission 6s., 3s., 2s., and 1s. Private boxes, 42s. and 35s. No restriction as to dress in the stalls.—Sole Proprietor, CHARLES HENGLER.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—On VIEW, a magnificent marriage group of H.R.H. the PRINCESS LOUISE and the MARQUIS of LORNE, the attire being an exact facsimile of that worn in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Open (during the holidays) from 10 a.m. till 10 p.m. Passengers by Metropolitan Railway stop at Baker Street Station. [489

NOTICE.

THE London Publishing Office of this Paper is at 102, Fleet-street, where the trade can now be supplied early on Friday mornings.

COMMUNICATIONS for the Publisher should be addressed to 102, Fleet-street, London, E.C. All letters for the Editor must be addressed "Editor, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, 72, Turnmill-street, London, E.C."

THE rates of charges for Advertisements are as follow:—
9d. A LINE IN ORDINARY INNER PAGES.
1s. 0d. A LINE ON THE BACK PAGE.
2s. 6d. A LINE ON LEADER PAGE.

ON Advertisements ordered for Continuous Insertion the following discounts will be allowed:—
5 per Cent. off 13 insertions.
10 " 26 "
15 " 39 "
20 " 52 "

THE matter in Serial Advertisements may be changed as desired. At the conclusion of existing Contracts no Block Advertisements will be inserted.

*** ADVERTISEMENTS cannot be received after 12 o'clock on Wednesdays.

THE Paper will be delivered to the Public by any News-agent in London or the Country, at 13s. a year; or free by post from London for 15s., prepaid.

THE Illustrated NEWSPAPER

LONDON, OCTOBER 14, 1871.

CONGREVE affirms that "Music hath power to soothe the savage breast:" it would appear that it hath also the power occasionally to irritate the peaceful one. An Indian journal relates how two worthy families in Lahore have quarrelled over an old cornopean, which has been the occasion of more discords than one instrument of music ever yet emitted. There was some doubt as to which family was entitled to this precious heirloom, and two law suits were instituted, but without result. The ownership of "the thing of beauty" was still an open question. At last the parties came to that ordeal to which the combative principle so frequently leads human nature—the ordeal of battle. One evening at the band-stand the various parties played a game of fisticuffs in earnest, to decide the ownership. The contest was so fierce that it had to be adjourned, and the young men of both sides afterwards concluded it with "a round" in another place. Why not have yielded the desired treasure to him who could best have made it discourse sweet sounds in the more friendly rivalry of a musical contest?

THE wickedness of the Yankees is quite as go-ahead as their commercial enterprise. In either aspect they are in advance of all other nations. In Chicago, we are told that even the boot-blacks are extra smart. If you decline the services of one of these gentlemen, saying that your boots have just been blackened, he will give a critical look at the boots, and say, disparagingly—"Yes, I see; by another artist." This spirit is carried into the upper ranks, till the amusing saying of Ward, when looking at the British Museum, becomes truthfully typical of the race—"Look here, you Britisher, I am looking round this museum, and if I like it I shall buy it." It would be well if we had nothing worse to chronicle of the Yankees than this; but within the past few weeks a state of morality has been shown to exist in New York which seems almost incredible. We have had to blush for our baby farms in England, but we have not yet sunk to the depths of depravity revealed in the Transatlantic city. The body of a beautiful young lady having been found in a trunk at a railway station has led to the disclosure that (as the *New York Times* declares) "thousands of human beings are murdered before they have seen the light, and thousands of adults are irremediably ruined in constitution, health, and happiness." Numbers of places exist openly in New York city where ladies are received and delicate cases attended to. In the horrible den of a Dr. Evans, now undergoing punishment for his nefarious occupation, were found the remains of infants in barrels of lime and acid, undergoing decomposition. Shameless advertisements daily appear, and the mails in return come laden with money enclosures for "pills," "drops," and other vile humbugs. The best home firesides in the land are invaded by these pestilential advertisements. One woman who made no secret that she can "carry ladies through their troubles," recently said unblushingly to a visitor, "but for some friendly hand like ours how many blasted homes, scandalised churches, and disorganised social circles there would be!" We are glad to find that the authorities of New York are becoming aware of the gigantic growth to which the evil has attained. For the credit of one of the first cities in the world, it is to hoped that this deadly upas tree will be uprooted and completely overthrown.

THERE has been a terrific fire in Chicago. It reads like a repetition of the Great Fire of London. In that awful calamity of the past 13,200 buildings were destroyed. Chicago is only 1,200 behind this awful total in its story of desolation. A hundred thousand of the population were, according to the last accounts, houseless and starving. Relief is being organised throughout the Union. England has always come forward to help the distressed in great calamities everywhere; and we doubt not the City of London will come to the front in aid of Chicago.

THE DRAMA.

THE OLYMPIC.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has all the special faculties of the dramatist, and we are glad to meet him once more in the theatre. "The Woman in White" is his most exciting novel. He has now given us his version of it on the stage. We have seen two other versions at various times, one, we believe, by Mr. Chute, of Bristol. Mr. Collins's own version, if it is not the most exciting, is certainly the most artistic. The audience, indeed, resent his high art at the close. They want to see *Count Fosco* slain by the avenger of the Brotherhood; Mr. Collins only permits them to hear a groan. The last scene, to our mind, is perfect, but the public has prejudices which dramatists must handle tenderly. Miss Ada Dyas and Mrs. Charles Viner have made a great success in the two parts allotted to them. Nothing could be more natural, and at the same time more artistic, than Miss Dyas's representation of *Laura* and *Anne Catherick;* she maintained for each character a strict individuality, and from beginning to end she never lost a dramatic point. It is long since we have seen a more conscientious, intelligent, and graceful performance than that of Miss Dyas at the Olympic. She was admirably supported by Mrs. Charles Viner as *Marion Halcombe*, the handsome, courageous, clever sister, ever standing between the conspirators and their victim. Mrs. Viner is an actress of large experience, and her interpretation of this difficult part was perfect, though the character cannot be said to be exactly in Mrs. Viner's line. An earnest and impulsive actress, her powers are held in check by the exigences of the part until that great scene in the asylum, when she has full play for the peculiar force and energy of her acting. She brought the house down in her almost tragic appeal to *Walter Hartwright*, as she did in the recognition between herself and *Laura*. In Mr. Billington's hands *Sir Percival Glyde* was a careful and effective performance, and Mr. Wybert Reeve gave an excellent reading of *Walter Hartwright*. Mr. Vining looked and played the part of *Count Fosco* with a great amount of artistic power and effect; but he lacked the *finesse* and unction of the Count, though we know no other man upon the boards, except Fechter (whose "natural broken English" would serve him here), who could realise the part better than Mr. Vining does. The foreign accent seemed to hamper Mr. Vining here and there, but he had a full grasp of all the characteristic details of the part, and throughout he justified the wrapt interest of the audience in his by-play and histrionic subtleties. "The Woman in White" ought to be a success. The "waits" between the acts and tableaux are too long; they make the piece drag. It is not unlikely, too, that Mr. Collins may see it necessary to modify the last act.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE OBER-AMMERGAU PASSION-PLAY.—REIS.

ALMEIDA REIS, the subject of our illustration, has gained a world-wide fame for his great representation of Our Saviour in the Ober-Ammergau Passion-Play. The portraits of Reis in character bear a striking resemblance to Christ, as painted by the masters, and his performance has made a deep impression on all who have been fortunate enough to witness the sacred drama. The correspondents of the English press have only given an outline of the play, and very few particulars, so that the following lengthy account (which has just appeared in the *Printers' Register*) will be doubly interesting to our readers:—

At seven o'clock precisely a gun was fired, and the doors were opened; and then above and below, and on all sides, a flood of human beings swept in, and every place (except seats specially reserved and enclosed, and which I was told had all been taken weeks before) was occupied in a few minutes. They say the theatre will hold 6,000 persons, and yet there were so many who could not get seats, that it was announced the play would be repeated the next day for their accommodation, and the proceeds devoted to the relief of the soldiers wounded in the late war. After a little time the noise and confusion subsided, and everybody sat down quietly, and awaited the performance. There were a great many English and Americans present, perhaps one-fourth of the whole audience, amongst them many I know, at any rate by sight; for instance, Prince and Princess Teck, Earl Stanhope, Baron Bramwell, Mr. Overend, Q.C., Mr. H. James, M.P., Mr. Tom Taylor, &c., &c.

At eight o'clock precisely another gun was fired, and the performance began. You must not be misled by the words "play" and "theatre" into supposing that either the one or the other was anything like what one sees in England. In former times, before the common people could read, and when they were very ignorant, it was the practice of the Church to supply their want of understanding as respected sermons and verbal instruction by giving (generally in the churchyard, and in the open air) visible representations of the life and history of Jesus Christ, which, as representing particularly Christ's passion and sufferings, were known as "Passion Plays." After the Reformation in our country, as the object of these representations was supplied by other means, they became less necessary, and were gradually given up; but they have continued to this day in some Roman Catholic countries; and I myself saw the Crucifixion represented in the park of St. Cloud one Sunday afternoon by living persons. They have, however, almost died out, save in this one village in the Tyrol, where they continue to be performed by the villagers as an act of religious duty. It seems that about two hundred years ago the performance was prevented by a dreadful plague, which almost depopulated the village, whereupon those who survived made a vow that if the pestilence were abated, they and their posterity would, every ten years, for ever afterwards represent the life, sufferings, and death of Christ for the edification of their children, and the benefit of the people generally. It is said the pestilence did abate at once, and from that time to this, in the autumn of every tenth year, the inhabitants of Ammergau have kept their vow, and repeated their performance. They keep the matter very strictly to themselves, and will not allow the priests, or any one else, to interfere with them, nor any person to take any part in the play who is not a native of the village. Moreover—doing it as an act of religious duty—they are very particular as to the character of those who act, and they take little or no personal benefit from the large sums derived by the performance; for these, after paying the necessary expenses, are devoted to pious and charitable uses. Up to the year 1838 the performance took place, as in old time, in the open churchyard, but since then it has been held in a piece of ground enclosed for the purpose, and which has been required from time to time to be made larger and larger. This year it consisted of a wooden building with round seats gradually ascending one above the other from the ante stage, and all in the open air, except the upper ones, which have a wooden canopy over them. The sides of the enclosure are flanked by poplar trees, which serve as pillars, and outside them you see blue sky, and the beautiful mountains, which add greatly to the picturesque character of the whole affair. Of course this renders the performance liable to be prejudiced by the weather, and in fact we did have two or three showers while it was going on, but happily they were of short duration. In front of the covered stage is a drop scene or curtain, exhibiting a distant view of the city of Jerusalem. As the eight o'clock gun fired, the orchestra commenced an overture, and from each side-door of the stage the performers who enacted the chorus entered and arranged themselves in a half-circle in front of the curtain. They were handsomely dressed, both men and women, in many-coloured robes and costumes, and the effect as they walked in procession, and grouped themselves on the stage, was exceedingly pretty. Their duty is to explain the various parts of the performance to the audience, and also to sing the songs and choruses which form part of it, and they did both admirably. Then, as the curtain rose, on each occasion, they either left the stage in procession, or retired to the sides of the front stage, and stood there until they were again wanted. The overture over, and the representation to come being explained, the curtain rose, and the first scene was the typical one from the Old Testament, of Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise. This was represented by living figures, who, however, did not speak or move a muscle, but were merely *tableaux vivants*. Then came the first act, the entry of Christ into Jerusalem. This was most artistically managed, and indeed required to be so, or it would have been only a burlesque, and have occasioned laughter. First came children bearing palm branches; then men and women dressed in Eastern costume, who threw their garments on the ground; and then, in the midst of the crowd, came the performer who represented Christ riding on an ass—but so hemmed in by the disciples and the multitude, that you saw little more than the head and neck of the animal. As the procession advanced along the front stage, it was met by a body of Jews, high priests, scribes, &c.; and it was said that at this time (as in other parts of the play) there were 300 persons on the stage, every one of whom was in appropriate and different costume. A dialogue takes place, and the Christ descends from the ass, and walks with great calmness and dignity into the temple. He wore a plain purple garment, with a dark red mantle over it; and his hair and beard were arranged as in the popular pictures of the person of Jesus. Then the scene changed to the interior of the Temple, and there we saw the money-changers at their tables, and the dove sellers with their baskets, and Christ demands of the high priests why they permit such desecration. They retort by demanding who he is, and by what authority he presumes to question them, upon which the people shout out, "He is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews." Such at least the dialogue is represented to be; but it is all, of course, in German, so that those who do not understand that language must judge of what is going on by the gestures. Then the priests and traders revile him, and finally Jesus overturns the tables and baskets, and drives them with cords out of the Temple. They then declare that they will be revenged, and go away; and Jesus and his disciples also leave to go to Bethany. The chorus then again come forward and explain the second act, the first scene of which is a beautiful representation of Joseph being cast into the pit by his brethren; followed by another scene of the high priests in council to devise what they shall do with Jesus, and they resolve that he shall be put to death. The third act represents first young Tobias taking leave of his parents, and secondly, Christ in Bethany. He there visits the house of Simon, where a banquet is prepared for him and his disciples, and Martha waits upon them; and, in Oriental fashion, Jesus washes the disciples' feet, that is, he pours water upon them from an ewer, and wipes them with a napkin. Then Mary Magdalene comes in, and pours the ointment on his feet, and wipes them with her hair; Judas remonstrates, but Jesus rebukes him and justifies her. His mother then enters, accompanied by some friends, and tries to persuade him not to go to Jerusalem. He, however, persists, and leaves the stage with his disciples on one side, while she is led away in deep distress on the other. The fourth act commences with a very gorgeous tableau of Ahasuerus rejecting Vashti and making Esther his queen; followed by another in which Jesus is seen on his way to Jerusalem, and Judas is tempted to betray him by one of the money-lenders whose table was overturned. Then followed wonderful tableaux (you must understand that the *Old* Testament scenes are living pictures only without words or motions, whilst the *New* Testament scenes are a regular drama, with actions and dialogues) of Moses and the people being fed with manna; and also of the spies bringing the grapes from Canaan. This is succeeded by the Last Supper—the whole of the Scripture narrative being represented with great accuracy and solemnity. The grouping round the table is the same as that in the great picture by Leonardo da Vinci. The sixth act represents, first, Jacob's sons selling their brother Joseph, and then Judas bargaining with the Chief Priests for the betrayal of Christ. The seventh act has an interesting picture of Adam earning his bread by the sweat of his brow; then another of Joab pretending to kiss Amaziah, but stabbing him as he does so. These are followed by Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, where he is arrested by the soldiers, led by Judas. After a short struggle by the disciples, they run away, and Christ is bound and taken to Caiphas.

After this act there is an adjournment for an hour, during which many of the audience go out for refreshment, and others take what they have brought with them. Then the chorus come in again and explain each act as before, and the play proceeds. First was a tableau of Zedekiah smiting Micaiah on the cheek; and then Christ is brought before Annas, and the scene is enacted as described in Scripture. Annas orders him to be taken to Caiphas, and he is led out reviled by the Jews, and pushed roughly by the soldiers. Afterwards, in the tenth act, we have Cain's despair, followed by that of Judas, which was most powerfully represented. In the scenes in the eleventh act, Daniel is falsely accused before Darius, and Christ is brought before Pilate. Pilate refuses to condemn him, and sends him to Herod. Then followed the Old Testament tableau of Samson made sport of by the Philistines, and the New Testament scene of Christ before Herod. This last was a very gorgeous spectacle, but it was followed by a very painful one. After a picture of Joseph's coat being taken to Jacob, and of Isaac kneeling in readiness for the sacrifice, the curtain rises again, and Christ is seen tied to a pillar, having first been scourged. When released, he falls senseless on the ground, but the soldiers raise him and place him roughly on a seat; then they put a scarlet robe on him, and a reed in his hand, and force the crown of thorns on his head, and pay him mock homage, while he remains unmoved, though the blood seems to stream from his countenance. The next act represents the goats as sin-offerings; and there is also a magnificent tableau of Joseph, in a triumphal chariot, as Ruler over Egypt. Then Christ is brought again before Pilate, who tries to release him, and offers to condemn Barabbas. This part was represented by an old man, a simple day-labourer; and he looked and acted the character wonderfully well. He had played in former years, and they thought he was too old to do it this time; but he represented he should not live to see another performance, and begged so earnestly to be allowed to play that, at last, they consented, and everybody seemed glad they did so. Certainly Barabbas himself could not have looked a greater ruffian. As the people insisted that Christ should be condemned, Pilate at last gave way, and the scene closed in great uproar and confusion. There were three Old Testament pictures in the next act—Isaac carrying wood to the altar on which he was to be sacrificed, Moses raising the brazen serpent, and the children of Israel looking upon it and being healed. In these last two scenes there were a great number of persons on the stage, including many quite young children, who had to stand in attitude a long time, while the chorus sang or explained the tableaux, yet not one of them moved, or appeared even to breathe; you might have mistaken them for wooden figures dressed up for the occasion. Next came the great scene of Christ bearing the cross, and sinking under its weight, with the incidents of St. Veronica and Simon the Cyrenian. Women are amongst the crowd weeping; but Jesus turns to them, and bids them not to weep for him, but for themselves and for their children. The sixteenth act commences by the appearance of the chorus in mourning; and while they are singing in mournful strains, the strokes of the hammer are heard behind the scene as the executioners are nailing Christ and the thieves to the cross. When the curtain is raised, the thieves are seen elevated; but Christ is lying on the ground. The inscription is then nailed on, and the cross is elevated in the centre of the stage. It would be impossible to conceive anything more impressive than this scene, or more effective than the groups which composed it. The out-stretched hands, the bowed head, the grief of Mary and the disciples, the brutality of the soldiers tearing the garments, and casting lots for them; the solemn silence broken by the agonising exclamation, "Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani;" and then the death quiver, and sinking of the head, followed instantly by darkness and rolling thunder; the piercing of the side with the lance, the blood flowing from the gaping wound, and a crowd of Jews rushing in to announce that the veil of the Temple has been rent; all comprised to produce sensations that can scarcely be forgotten. The taking down from the cross was effected precisely as represented in Rubens' celebrated picture; and there was a general sigh of relief as the curtain fell, and the scenes ended. The next two scenes represented the Entombment, and the Resurrection and Ascension, typified by the overthrow of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, and Jonah cast ashore from the whale. The Roman soldiers are watching the tomb, when thunder is heard, the stone rolls away, and Christ ascends, steps out of the tomb, and leaves the stage, while the soldiers in terror throw themselves on the ground. Shortly afterwards Christ reappears, walking with Mary Magdalene in the garden, and she recognises him, and falls at his feet. The last act of all (the eighteenth) is only a tableau, and represents Christ glorified, standing on high on a vast globe, holding in one hand a banner of victory, and extending the other as if to bless his disciples and followers who are grouped below. The chorus now sing songs of triumph, and the Play is ended, having lasted eight hours.

It is very difficult for those (especially for Englishmen and Protestants) who have not seen this performance to form a correct idea of it, or the effect it produces. There was profound attention throughout; but I did not witness so much emotion as I had been led to expect, though unquestionably many of the audience were deeply affected. The acting—if such it may be called—was admirable; but in reality, everything was done so naturally, that it did not appear acting; a drama in real life seemed passing before you. The parts of Christ, and Judas, different as they are, were both wonderfully well sustained. The calm dignity, patience, and fortitude of the one, was admirably contrasted by the restless spirit, the unforgiving character, and the terrible remorse of the other. I thought the young woman who appeared as the mother, a less striking performer than the others; but she looked and dressed the part, as represented in pictures, very well. The music and choruses seemed to be given with great accuracy and percision, and to be strictly appropriate to the several scenes; and when it is remembered that these performers, who themselves get up the whole drama, make the dresses, and prepare the tableaux, are simple villagers, living amongst remote mountains, it is unquestionably a very extraordinary performance. If I live, I will go and see it again this time ten years.

MAJOR KARL GUSTAV VON BERNECK.

Major Karl Gustav von Berneck, better known as Berud v. Guseck, has not only wielded the sword for Fatherland, but the pen also. Lytton has told us that "the pen is mightier than the sword." It has been so in the case of Berud v. Guseck. He has done more with the pen than ever he could have done by the sword, although he has mastered both, and is honoured as a soldier and a novelist.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK I. (BARBAROSSA).

Our illustration of Barbarossa is from a painting by a German artist—A. Kreling. It is a strange story, the legend of the Sleeping and Waking of Barbarossa. It is seven hundred years since Barbarossa (or *Barbe-rousse*, by reason of his red beard) ruled over Germany and performed immortal deeds in behoof of Fatherland. We told the legend to our readers a few weeks ago, but it will bear repeating:—True to his race, Barbarossa was, even in those very early days—after a fashion—a Protestant; for he was one of the first Sovereigns in Europe who ventured to speak freely of the abuses of the Papal hierarchy; and a phrase of his in Latin—whose simple English meaning is that "The cardinals are not preachers, but plunderers"—still lives in association with his memory. The legend runs that, once upon a time, the Emperor and his followers, hard pressed by his enemies, retreated to some difficult passes in the mountains by Salzberg, or the Kyffhausen Mountains in Thuringia, and that they still sleep there, under a mountain, overcome by the influences of magic. There he has waited in slumber for the coming of the "golden days for Germany" till his long red beard has grown through the tables of stone at his feet. Sometimes, at intervals of about a hundred years, he wakes and nods his fair head, and listens that he may know, from the voice of the raven circling round the mountain, whether the day has come when his skilful hand is needed for the releasing of Germany, and when the golden time of Germany is to begin. Barbarossa, no doubt, had another awakening during the past few months, and he has at last responded to the call of the raven, and done a stroke for the releasing of Germany. No wonder the hosts of the Gauls were worsted in the awful encounter. There was much in the deeds and the policy of Prussia, in the late war, of which the people of England did not approve, but no nation will rejoice more than Great Britain, nevertheless, should it appear that the "golden time for Germany" has begun.

PROTOPOLIS.

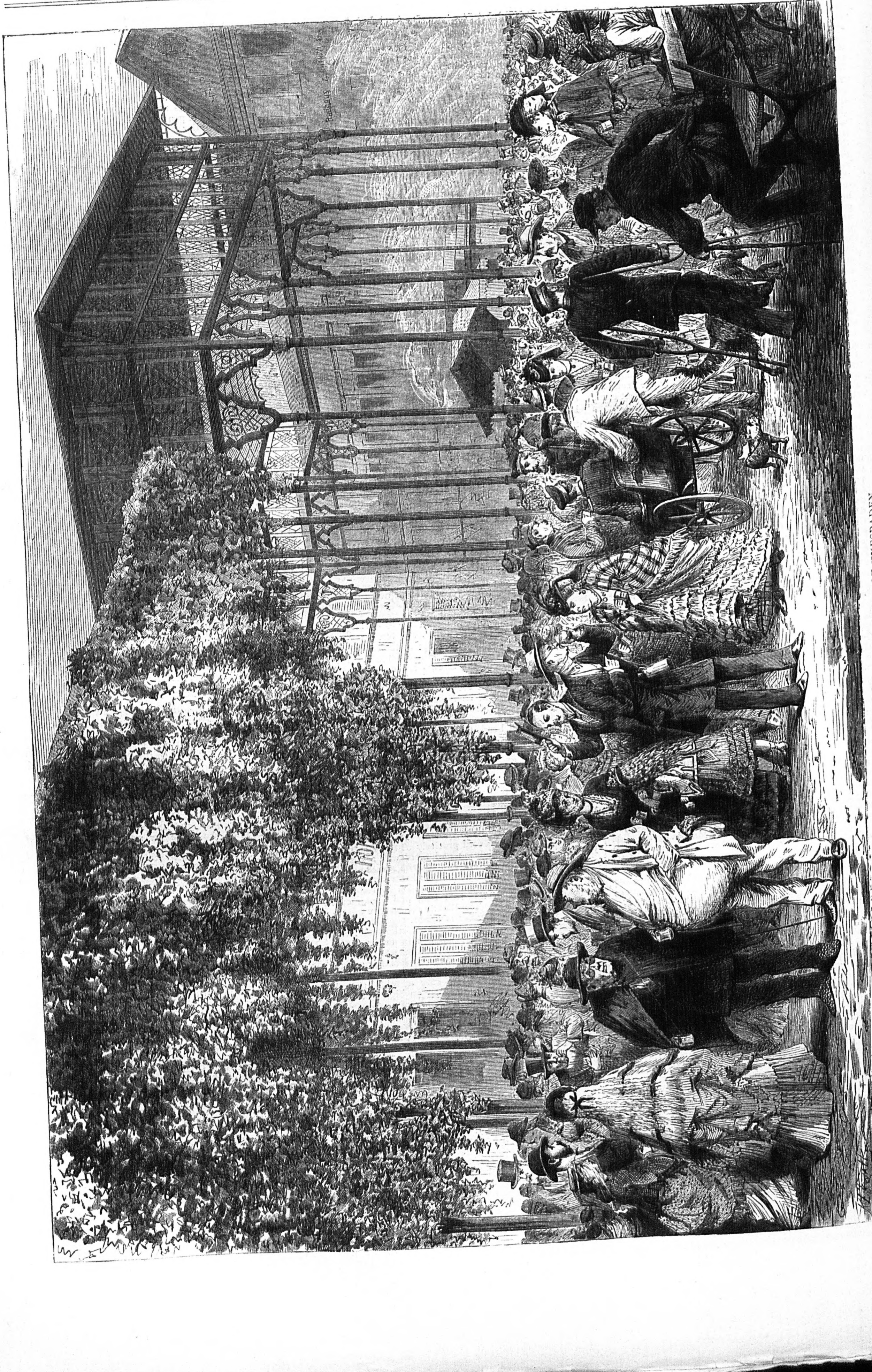
We have before given our readers illustrations of the charming Brazilian country, and this week make another addition to our sketches. Protopolis, situate in the most wild and romantic scenery, has risen to importance during the last few years, and is now the residence of Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil.

THE BASHFUL WOOER.

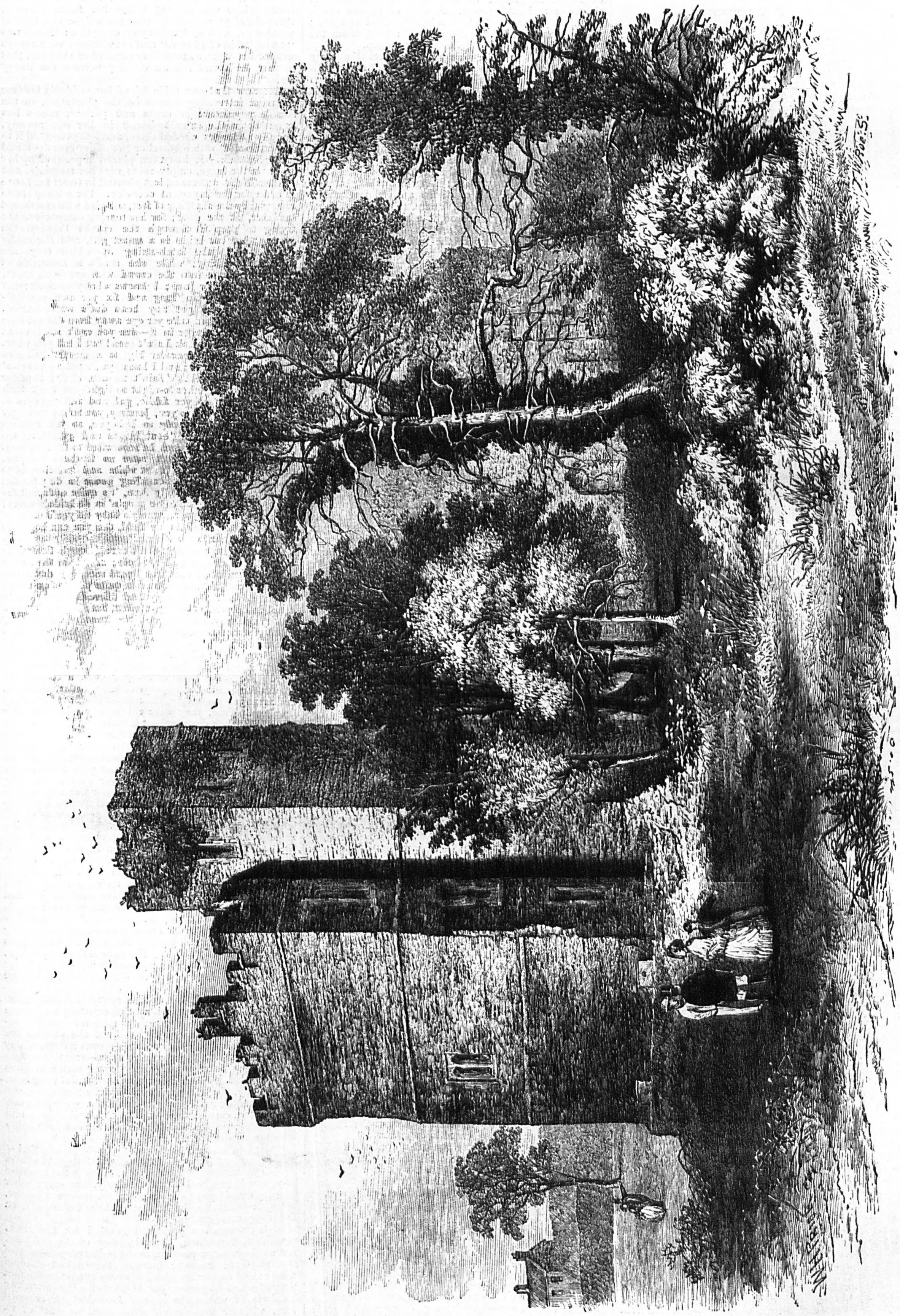
The young well-to-do-farmer is come a-wooing, and in presence of his Phyllis he has discovered that he is bashful. The old father and mother encourage him, but this makes his case all the more awkward, and he can only stand still with a look of mingled kindness and stupidity. Phyllis is quite equal to the occasion, and when the meddling old people are out of the way, will soon bring him to the scratch.

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD.—"Some time ago, when Mr. Augustus Daly conceived the idea of dramatising the 'Mystery of Edwin Drood' (says the *Boston Journal*), he wrote for information to Mr. Charles Collins, Mr. Dickens's son-in-law, who made the design for the illustrated title-page. Mr. Daly received the subjoined reply:—'Dear Sir, the late Mr. Dickens communicated to me some general outlines of his scheme for "Edwin Drood," but it was at a very early stage in the development of the earlier portions of the tale. Edwin Drood was never to reappear, he having been murdered by Jasper. The girl Rosa, not having been really attached to Edwin, was not to lament his loss very long, and was, I believe, to admit the sailor, Mr. Tartar, to supply his place. It was intended that Jasper himself should urge on the search after Edwin Drood, and the pursuit of the murderer, thus endeavouring to direct suspicion from himself, the real murderer. This is indicated in the design on the right side of the cover, of the figures hurrying up the spiral staircase, emblematical of a pursuit. They are led on by Jasper, who points unconsciously to his own figure in the drawing at the head of the title. The female figure at the left of the cover reading the placard "Lost" is only intended to illustrate the doubt entertained by Rosa Budd as to the fate of her lover, Drood. The group beneath it indicates the acceptance of another suitor. As to anything further, it must be purely conjectural. It seems likely that Rosa would marry Mr. Tartar, and possibly the same destiny might await Mr. Crisparkle and Helen Landless. Young Landless himself was to die, perhaps, and Jasper certainly would, though whether by falling into the hands of justice, or by suicide, or by taking an overdose of opium, which seems most likely, it is impossible to say. I regret not to be able to afford you more information, and also that your letter should have remained so long unanswered.'"

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Preventers of Weakness.—Whenever circumstances produce impure blood, lessen the force, or in any way disarrange the balance, of the circulation, stagnation takes place in the lungs, and consumption, or other formidable diseases discover themselves. Let Holloway's remedies be tried on the first feelings of debility, or on the first annoyance of a dry, hacking cough. After the chest, both before and behind, has been fomented with warm brine, and the skin has been dried with a towel, the Ointment should be well rubbed twice a day upon the chest and between the shoulders, and the Pills should be taken in alternative doses to purify the blood and clear the system without weakening it, or rousing or aggravating nervous irritation. [173



AT THE HOT SPRINGS OF WIESBADEN.



MUXLOE CASTLE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

THE EBONY BRIDAL.

By Ella B. Washington.

When I lived in Tennessee,
I went courtin' Rosa Lee;
Her eyes was dark as Winter night,
Lips as red as berries bright!
When first I did her wooing go,
She said, "Now don't be foolish, Joe!"

Wooing and wedding, the common law to which common and uncommon humanity inevitably yield obedience some time in their lives—that blends with it a charm so inexhaustible we never grow too old to feel its influence! Whether it be prince or pariah, plebeian or patrician, in high or low estate, weddings are always interesting, whatever colour or complexion they represent.

Especially among the peculiar people of whom I am writing were such events cherished as the *Ultima Thule* of pleasure, grandeur, fun and frolic. Speaking from long observation and experience, the incidents related are real, not imaginary—fact, not fiction. Surrounded with slaves from infancy, they formed part of the landscape of a Southern woman's life; take them away, and the picture loses half of its reality.

They watched our cradles, they were the companions of our sports; their hands assisted our bridal decorations, and tenderly wrapped us in our shrouds. And so, in turn, we endeavoured to promote their pleasure at weddings and Christmas frolics, cared for their needs in sickness, and frequently sustained them through the last dread agony.

There were preliminary steps of official form necessary before the wedding festivity could be properly conducted. For instance, the consent of the master and mistress was courteously asked, as well as that of the parents on both sides; also, the sanction of the Church.

When the plantation beau had succeeded in persuading some gushing girl to take him "for better, for worse" (mostly the latter), he speedily presented himself before his master, and thereupon a ludicrous scene would ensue, somewhat in this wise:

Saturday night, a favourite time, the family supper over, household grouped around a table in the library, elderly gentleman in spectacles seated in a dignified arm-chair, absorbed in the contents of a newspaper—rappings, not spiritual, at the door, which a daughter opens quickly, evidently, from the expression of her face, posted in regard to the mission of the party desiring to enter; some whispering, with smothered laughter; and then, acting as advanced guard, she says:

"Papa, James wants to see you particularly."

Paterfamilias looks up vacantly over his spectacles, finally catches the idea, and replies, still digesting the news:

"I reckon I know what he is after. Let him come in, and behave yourself, Nellie! Don't laugh, or he'll not get through for an hour."

This with an admonitory shake of the head at the irrepressible daughter, who is evidently bent on mischief.

Just then the door slowly opens, and Jims or Jeems as he is called, pops his head through the door, followed by the rest of him, which represents, on the whole, a fair specimen of his race, a genuine Cuffy, very dark as to complexion, very curly as to hair, with features to correspond. He makes a low bow, accompanied by a spasmodic clutch at his forelock, followed by an insane attempt to dodge into the crown of his hat, which the hat but partially permits. He stammers, breathes hard, rolls up his eyes, grins as if afflicted with St. Vitus's dance, utters a convulsive chuckle, looks as if he would like to retire rapidly anywhere, and finally, after a desperate effort, blunders out, "Massa, me an' 'Melia (dodges behind the hat again) has 'cluded to get married, if you has no 'jections;" and having successfully effected this climax, Jeems expands into a grin like a facetious gorilla, showing a shining set of grinders of unequalled ivory; then plucking up courage, continues, "Ise got a 'spectable character an' de proper 'havior an' conducment, an' Melia's fambly has gin dere consent, pervidin' you say de same, massa." At this point Jeems executes another bow of a very elaborate character, and clutches the front lock of wool most energetically. Old gentleman looks benevolent, and says, "Well, James, I have no objection; you have always given me satisfaction; Amelia is a good girl; you will do well, and, I hope, make her a kind husband."

"Thank you, massa; de Lord knows I'se gwine to try; 'scuse me, I'm much obligated;" and he straightens up, expands ecstatically, and makes his exit with a final flourish. Arriving at the servants' hall, Jeems boisteriously announces his triumphant success, cuts various capers of exuberant excitement, and makes a tremendous swell rehearsing the interview with "ole massa" in original fashion. "Yah, ha! 'Dis here darky's a whole team, he is; takes him to argufy and 'spute de questions accordin' to law; he knows a thing or two, he does—yah, ha! didn't me and massa 'scuss de facs ob de case ober superlujus like; I tell you we did. Dat darky from ober Mass Allen's plantation cum sparkin' 'Melia—thort *he* was gwine cotch her; fool, he was, couldn't come it nary time!" At this point Jeems, in ecstasies, frisks off to seek his 'Melia, singing as he goes snatches of an old song:

De bess-lookin' feller in de country, oh!
My old massa told me so,
I look in de glass an' foun' 'twas so,
Jes as massa tole me, oh!

The engagement being duly announced by consent of all parties, there at once began elaborate preparations for a big wedding, which, if the bride-elect happened to be a housemaid—this class being considered *par excellence* the upper-tendom of darkydom, then the projected festival became a most important affair, in which the white family were much interested, especially the young lady whose *fille de chambre* the girl might be; many handsome articles little worn being selected from the mistress's wardrobe for her maid's trousseau.

There were various commissions for city purchases on a modest scale, for the word "fashion" was unknown amongst slaves. Though the vase might be coloured differently, there were the same feminine foibles developed in greater or less degree, according to character and intelligence. A wide or narrow check was all-important in the turban handkerchief or apron; and an observer might readily detect among them the peculiarities which distinguish higher society.

The plantation belle was in some sort the same capricious creature who treads the boards of a city ball-room; the respectable matron of the field held a similiar range of influence with her who presides and dictates in polished circles; the sable beau assumed the dandy's air of conscious exquisiteness; and the most intelligent were the ruling spirits that led the mass, as elsewhere. So it came about, when this particular wedding was in prospect, there were great preparations and much jollification both among blacks and whites, in anticipation of the event. All the finery that could be spared from our toilets was in requisition; there was culling over of wardrobes; ransacking of those ancient institutions called bandboxes; artificial flowers, ribbons, and tinsel ornaments were eagerly sought after, to provide the incessant demand for headdresses—they being considered a *sine quâ non* of the toilet required for the occasion.

At last the eventful Saturday night arrives—this day of the week being always selected, to give them opportunity of rest on Sunday, or of keeping up the frolic in more subdued form, if they desired it on that day. A large room, used as a laundry, adjoining the kitchen, had been prepared for the festival—dressed with evergreens—the tin candlesticks around the wall polished to extreme brightness, and decorated with sprigs of holly—the floor nicely scrubbed, and benches placed around the walls, which were freshly whitewashed. Another room was similarly prepared for the meat supper; the cake, lemonade, &c., were usually handed on waiters to the company. Guests from the plantations adjoining assembled in force, and at a late hour the ceremony took place. The bride's dress was carefully arranged, the wreath and veil being adjusted by the hands of her young mistress. The white family were called to witness the nuptials, and as they entered, the bride and groom with their attendants rose, formed in line, and a coloured man—the religious leader—stepped forward to perform the service. He held a book in his hand, as he could read a little, and liked the imposing effect of appearing educated. Nothing daunted by the crowd, or the presence of his master's family, he began with a prayer, followed by an exhortation to the pair now before him on their duties in the new relation they were about to enter upon; then, turning to the groom, he said solemnly, "Jeems Jeffusson, is you bin gwine marry dis woman for lub or for money?"

"For lub, sir," says Jeems, bowing half to the preacher and half to the bride in great gravity.

"'Melia Melindy," says the reverend questioner to the woman, "is you bin gwine for marry dis man for lub or for money?"

"For lub, sir," says 'Melia Melindy, with a modest curtsey, upon which he proceeded to join their right hands. The groomsmen and bridesmaids, who had been previously drilled in their parts, came forward to draw the gloves, succeeded admirably with the bride's; but, alas, Jeems's glove would not come—it was clinging white cotton, and held on tenaciously. Poor Jeems looked the very image of helplessness, and gazed angrily at the rebellious glove as if he longed to tear it off; but etiquette forbade. His arm was extended, his palm open with a kind of spasmodic motion, as the first bridesmaid tugged at the forefinger. By degrees the others came up, till there was one tugging at each digit, while a sixth directed; but the more they pulled the more that glove "would not stay pulled." At length the girls began to giggle; the crowd with difficulty suppressed their laughter; the bride first began to titter, and finally lost patience, exclaiming, "Pull it off yourself, Jeems, anyway." But the superintendent of the ceremony waved her off solemnly; and after picking a while longer at the thumb and fingers, the tenacious glove yielded, and by a "long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," Jeems's brawny hand was laid bare, and grasped the more delicate one of 'Melia, after which the ring was placed on her finger, and the preacher concluded as follows:—"An' now, in de nâme of de blessed Lord, I pernounces you man an' wife, an' wishes you many happy returns. Salute de bride." Upon which the lips of Jeems Jeffusson resounded on those of 'Melia Melindy like the report of a Christmas cannon.

After shaking hands with the happy couple, and wishing them a bright future, the white people retired, leaving the company to unrestrained enjoyment. Looking in at the supper-room, there was a temporary table formed of extended boards covered with a white cloth, and well supplied with substantials, such as roast fowls, ham, corned beef, mutton; and, conspicuously rampant, a roast pig, standing on his four feet in a dishful of potatoes, a string of sausages ornamenting his neck, around which they formed a savoury chain, and an apple between his teeth. His grin was grotesquely horrible. That particular pig seemed to feel that the author of the Essays of Elia had not misrepresented his merits.

Until nearly dawn of day the frolic continued. We could hear, when waking in the night, the merry murmur of voices, shouts of laughter, with the sound of shuffling feet, mingled confusedly with the squeak of fiddles and the jingle of triangles, until at last they ceased, and the crowd retired in a state of sheer exhaustion.

The bedchamber of a bride is sacred, whether the newly-wedded maid be a queen upon her throne or a beggar-girl who has found at last some one to shelter her from poverty and temptation—so we intrude with hesitancy upon the privacy of 'Melia Melindy's.

'Melia's mammy, like most darkies, was blessed with a superabundance of heirs, and as the maternal mansion boasted but two bedsteads, our heroine had early forsaken the family bed for the floor, where, with the peculiar taste of her race, she was always able to find a plank as soft as a feathered nest close to the glowing hearthstone. As years went on, and she was promoted to her present rank of housemaid, her fondness for a lowly couch increased, and her favourite resting-place was the rug before her mistress's fire; there she slept peacefully, after the fashion of a faithful watch-dog, with one important exception: 'Melia was "awful 'fraid of ghosts," and her blankets were always wrapped so tightly around her head when sleeping, that neither the sound nor air could penetrate the heavy folds.

But now that our sable friend has suddenly become the most interesting person on the plantation, to the female population of cabin and parlour, missis has taken down the extra bedstead in her own nursery, happily no longer needed there, and has presented it to the bride-elect with a barrel or two of her best duck and goose feathers. It has been placed in position by her father in the large, empty room next her mother's, and thither 'Melia retires and locks herself in to set her house in order for the important occasion. For a while she is annoyed by the shuffling of feet, mingled with smothered laughter, at the door; for her teasing companions are trying to peep in through the cracks between the planks; but our bride is a smart girl, and she coolly draws within the latch-string at which they are vigorously pulling, while she sends a broadside of sarcastic rebuke into the crowd with wondrous effect, "Go away, 'Tildy Jane; I knows whot your arter; but 'tain't no use. Go 'long and fix yer own weddin'-chamber, if you got any beau dat's wurth habin'. Sukey! you better take yer eye away from dat rat-hole fore I poke my finger in it—den you can't roll it up at Jim no mo'. You tink I ain't seen! but I tell you what, I *is* seen the green monster big as a meetin'-house in dat pop eye of yourn; and I knows you's got a hankerin' arter Jeems yourself. 'Tain't no use, chile; Brudder Zekiel tie us together to-night so tight you can't tech him; go hang up yer fiddle, gal, and roll yer eyes at somebody else. As to you, Jemimy, you so ole and ugly you'll never get anybody to hab you, so you needn't want to know nuthin' 'bout brides and grooms. Go 'long, 'oman, and try and be reconciled to lib single all yer days—missis needn't save no feathers for you, though yer ole head is 'most white and foolish enuf to go partnership wid dat cackling goose in de yard dat done loss her mate. Polly Ann, 'tis quite ondecent for a young gal like you to be peepin' in de bride's room! Go home an' nuss your mammy's baby till you's ole enuf to go out and work in de field, den you can begin to tink 'bout beaux and weddins."

A faint attempt at a "don't care" laugh floated in through the cracks and rat-hole; and then the heavy tread of broad, flat feet was heard receding down the passage, and 'Melia remained in quite possession of her sanctum. Her young lady had offered her services to assist in decorating this apartment, but she had dropped a deep courtesy, and declined the honour—only asking that her own work when done should be inspected and commended.

"Monarch of all she surveys," she glances proudly around the neat room, and slowly begins her labour of love. From the heap of evergreens in a corner she selects the handsomest sprays of holly, cedar, and pine, and arranges them upon the narrow shelf over the huge fireplace. True, they were rather crowded, and were mingled in such disorder that it looked as if the different species of plants had disagreed as to their respective merits, and fallen into a general *mêlée;* but, upon the whole, the dark-green leaves contrasted prettily with the white-washed wall, and the cracked vase in the centre was properly regarded by its owner as the crowning glory of the mantel. A mass of cedar was next thrown into the grimy chimney-place, where it formed a friendly screen for the sooty bricks, whose colour reminded one unpleasantly of dark complexions. Two gaudy prints in dark-stained frames were hung upon the wall, and 'Melia gazed first with admiration at the lady-equestrian, in her blue-and-green riding-dress, and then with sympathetic emotion at the parting of a pair of disconsolate lovers, who looked stoically down at her from behind the shadow of a red handkerchief, intended to deaden the sound of a kiss the picture-lover was in the act of bestowing upon his companion's bright yellow cheek. Holly and cedar drooped over those interesting portraits, and fastened together the white cotton curtains that hung at the window. The floor is carefully swept, and then—with a sigh that sounded like the escape of steam from a hoarse engine—'Melia turned to the bed.

She cautiously shakes up the mattress freshly filled with clean straw, tossing it up and catching it again in her strong arms, as if it was a moderate-sized base-ball; then with a caressing embrace she presses her beloved feather-bed to her bosom—throws it coquettishly from her—gathers it in her arms again—and again casts it away (like a large tabby cat playing with a helpless mouse), until it looks like an unsubstantial mountain. And finally, desisting from such violent exercise, she gently pats the resounding tick until the quivering mass subsides, a correct level is obtained, and sheets and coverlet of spotless whiteness hide the soft foundation from the view of the curious.

Ruffled pillow-cases now press into shape a bushel of goose-feathers, intended to support the thick skulls of the happy couple so soon to be united in the bonds of holy matrimony, and 'Melia Melindy, like every other loving damsel upon a similar occasion, dreams a joyous, innocent dream, as she smooths out the last wrinkle on the snowy counterpane.

Such reveries are perhaps regulated by the rank, education, disposition, or complexion of the dreamer. Let us listen for a moment to the *sotto-voce* soliloquy of our excellent brunette heroine, the excited state of whose mind can be imagined when we announce the fact that she had forgotten her blankets! Forgotten the blankets in which she nightly shrouded her crimped hair, whether the thermometer stood at 110° or at zero!

This matter of the blankets has remained an unfathomable mystery until this day, and no one has yet been able to explain how 'Melia slept without the nightcap to which she had been accustomed from her earliest infancy.

'MELIA MELINDY'S SOLILOQUY.

"Well, I 'spec I'll be mouty happy—dere ain t many culled folks like my Jeems—he ain't no fool, I tell you! He got sense in dat big head ob his, sure as you lib! I sartin believe he gwine marry me for lub and not for money; case he know I ain't got nuthin' but my lock-chest mammy gib me, and all dose fine clothes Miss Nellie gib me. Ain't I got lots of head hankerchiefs, though! Now, I *jest* think ob it! I'll gib Jeems one, sure as preaching, to tie up his head de next time he plait he har, dat I will! 'Twill look real 'fectionate, and I lubs Jeems, I does. I'll be a good wife, and not bother him when he cross and tired. I'll bake he ash-cake and fry he meat and not say turkey. I don't care what de wimmin folks say 'bout my makin' lub-goose of myself. Jeems tell me he ain't got a simption ob respect for folks as go to interferin' 'tween man and wife, and I ain't got none neither; so we gwine our own way, and gwine to act sensible. Hi! what dat make me feel so curious like when I talk 'bout man and wife? Somethin' keep knockin' 'gainst my right side, jest like a bat thumpin' at de window night-times, when de fire burn bright. Yah ha! Jeems tell me he dun feel det 'motion heself, and dat 'tis all the lub-fever. 'Melia, don't be a fool, gal; stop talking, and begin to dress yourself."

LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

MR. THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P., delivered a lecture to a crowded meeting of working men in the Workmen's Hall, Birkenhead, last week, on the relations of labour and capital. He said that at the present time social problems were subjects of paramount interest, and were to be solved rather by the independent action of the people than by legislative enactment. Hence it became essential to diffuse among the industrial classes a knowledge of those subjects which most intimately concern their material, political, and moral welfare. He should confine himself in the present lecture to the material advancement of the people, a subject which, though it might appear to be less exalted, it was essential to consider whenever the elevation of the people in higher things was under contemplation. He should begin his attempt to elucidate the wages question by stating an axiom familiar to economists, that the rate of wages always depends on the amount of capital devoted to the payment of wages as compared with the number of labourers. The only limit to the fall of wages was the cost of living. His wages must be at least sufficient for the maintenance of the workman. Thus, the rate of wages being essentially dependent on the relation between supply and demand, it was not possible for a trade combination in the long run to exercise a direct influence on the price of labour, though he readily admitted that by concerted action workmen might often obtain an advance of wages at an earlier date. He thought our operatives had but a faint conception of the rise of wages which occurred in recent years abroad in countries where trade unions did not exist, and where the improvement in the workman's condition was attributable solely to the increased demand for labour. He would take a few figures from the tables given in a report prepared by Mr. Phipps on the industrial classes in Wurtemberg. From these it appeared that the average increase in the rate of wages in eight branches of manufacture and industry during the last thirty years amounted to from 60 to 70 per cent. In the building trades the rise in the rate of wages of 80 to 90 per cent. was to be explained solely by the unusual activity in the trades. As a general average, 69 per cent. might be taken as the increase in the daily wages for the different out-door labourers. In their class the increased demand for labour and the higher price of necessaries were peculiarly felt. In the United States the wages of skilled workmen averaged from 9s. to 15s. a day, and those of unskilled workmen from 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. It could not be supposed that so great a difference between the reward of labour on the opposite shores of the Atlantic was due to the superior organisation of trade unionism in the United States. In New England there were powerful combinations among the artisans, but none among the agricultural labourers; and, as compared with the same class in England, the condition of the common labourer was, of all others, the most improved by emigration to America. And let it be observed that, as agriculture was the most flourishing, so it was the most important of all the industries of the United States. The value of the total production of the leading industries had been estimated by Mr. Wells at £1,365,000. To this total agriculture contributed £658,590,000. The demand for labour to bring under cultivation the vast tracts of land still unoccupied was such that it had never yet been satisfied. Hence a rise of wages, in strict conformity with an economical law. Workmen had it in their power to raise wages most effectually by elevating the standard of comfort in which they were content to live. In the class of life to which he (Mr. Brassey) belonged, young men seldom married until they had the means of maintaining themselves and their families in comfort. A man whose lot it was to labour with his hands must, like him who labours with his brains, exercise a similar prudence. A desire on the part of the working classes for the fuller enjoyment of the blessings of civilisation would not only tend to their moral advancement, but, to take a less exalted view, it would promote the material progress of the country. On the railways of India it had been found that the great increase of pay which had occurred neither increased the rapidity of execution nor added to the comfort of the labourer. The Hindoo workman knew no other wants than his daily portion of rice; and the torrid climate rendered weather-tight habitations and ample clothing alike unnecessary. The labourer, therefore, desisted from work as soon as he had provided for the necessities of the day. Higher pay added nothing to his comforts; it served but to diminish his energy and industry. This fact did not point to the expediency of a general check upon the increase of the population such as had occurred in France, but solely to the fact that prudent forethought was the duty of every individual. In this connection he was glad to speak in terms of unmixed praise of the benevolent objects of trade unions; and with regard to the action which they had taken with reference to the wages question, it was impossible to deny men's right to refuse to work except on certain conditions. The limitation of hours for which the workmen in Newcastle had been contending was, under certain circumstances, a most reasonable concession for the workmen to demand. The strength of their claim in that, as in all similar cases, depended on the profits realised by their employers—a question upon which it would be presumptuous in him to offer an opinion. It was sufficient to say that, assuming that the rate of wages represented something less than the fair share of the remuneration which was due to labour, this increase of pay could scarcely assume a more desirable form than the reduction of the hours of manual toil. But, while admitting, in a general sense, the advantage of a reasonable limit for the hours of toil, in working out their ideas they were bound to pay due regard to the practical conditions of the problem. It was of no avail that English artisans should combine to obtain an improvement in their lot, when multitudes of foreign artisans were prepared to accept the terms which they had rejected. Great objections had been raised to the course adopted by the masters at Newcastle in seeking to attract foreign labour to their workshops. The English workmen objected to the foreigner being brought to England to work for lower wages than the Englishman would accept. What would the Englishman say, he (Mr. Brassey) should like to know, if foreign labour were imported and paid at higher rates than were given to the English workman? Yet this latter case was exactly what occurred in the commencement of railway enterprise in France. An engineering establishment was formed at Rouen, and Mr. George Harrison, now at the head of the Canada works, was a member of the staff. The mechanics who constructed the locomotives, and were afterwards employed as engine-drivers, were almost exclusively Englishmen, and the wages they received were higher than were paid to the French mechanics. On the railway itself English navvies were employed in large numbers, at double the pay the native workman was thought worthy to receive; yet there were no riots or remonstrances on the part either of the mechanics or the labourers in France respecting the introduction of the English workman. He thought that the trades of England would do well to appoint representatives to examine the position of the workmen in the corresponding trades abroad. He wished that Mr. Odger and other leading champions of the rights of labour would for a while lay aside their aspirations for political fame and take post at Geneva as the watchful sentinels of British labour. Our workmen were not sufficiently alive to the necessity which existed for the utmost effort and ingenuity to enable capital invested in England to hold its own in the industrial campaign. There was a notion that profits were higher in England than elsewhere. The large fortunes occasionally amassed in British industry were quoted in support of this assumption. But these rare accumulations of wealth were generally the result of exceptional thrift rather than exceptional gain. The low rate of interest which capital usually commanded in England as compared with foreign countries was a conclusive proof that the profits of our trade were moderate. The supreme difficulty of the industrial classes was to know when they might fairly press for increased wages. A knowledge of the state of trade was essential. The readiest means of obtaining that knowledge would be an inspection of the employers' books, but the fluctuating returns of industrial enterprise rendered such an examination practically impossible. How, then, was this knowledge of the state of trade to be obtained by the working classes from a source on which they might rely? He answered by the introduction into every trade of the co-operative element. The co-operative principle had hitherto been applied principally to retail trade. But his reference pointed rather to the more difficult organisation of productive industry. He did not expect a general substitution of co-operative industry for private enterprise. But the recent Blue-book on the industrial classes abroad was full of encouraging examples of co-operative organisation. It had been largely and successfully developed both in Vienna and in North Germany, under the energetic guidance of M. Schultse Delitsch. In New York, the Tailors' Association recently announced that their aim would be henceforth to throw over the system of strikes, and commence to fight with the strongest weapon—co-operation. Several co-operative land and building societies and foundries had been established. An ironfoundry was started in 1866 at Troy, in the State of New York, with a capital of £2,750. During the first year thirty-two men, during 1869 eighty-five men were employed, the skilled men earning £35 a year more than in an ordinary foundry. If co-operation were more largely introduced into British industry the workmen would have a standard by which they could determine the fair rate of wages in their trade. They would know that they could not expect from their employer a rate of pay exceeding that which was given in a co-operative establishment, where the workmen themselves sat in judgment on the relative claims of capital and labour. Some advantage, too, might be expected from courts of arbitration, on the plan recommended by Mr. Mundella and Mr. Rupert Kettle. These courts of conciliation were an imitation of the Conseiles des Prudhommes in France. Each council was there established by decree of the Government, and consisted of a president, a vice-president, not necessarily either employers or workmen, and six members elected by employers and workmen. The general aim was to obtain a settlement of trade disputes by judges who were the equals of the disputants. The proceedings were inexpensive; the judges were unpaid; and a delegation of the council, consisting of one employer and one workman, sat in judgment almost daily. The result in ninety-five out of a hundred cases brought before these tribunals was a reconciliation between the parties; and though appeals were permitted to the superior courts of law, they were rarely made. It was melancholy to think how true it was that one-half the world knew not how the other half lived. In our great cities the tendency of the different classes to occupy separate quarters brought many social evils in its train—want of sympathy, indifference, it might be hostility, between the poor and rich. He had often felt that it was much to be lamented that our successful employers of labour were apt to withdraw from the scene of their labours, and become country gentlemen, members of Parliament, or residents abroad. The love of field sports, which made country life so attractive, the patriotism which sends the man of business to the House of Commons, were doubtless admirable traits in the national character; but the withdrawal of the personal influence of the employer, just when it was becoming most valuable, was much to be regretted. In the continued residence at Birkenhead of the distinguished man of business who so ably represented the constituency in Parliament, they had an example, which he hoped might be more often followed. More frequent and familiar interchange of thought would break down the barriers which divide the different orders and conditions of men, and a kindlier spirit would pervade the atmosphere in which he lived. (Mr. Brassey was frequently applauded during the delivery of his lecture.)

DRAMATISTS AND CRITICS.

THE *Court Circular* has the following remarks touching dramatists and the critics:—

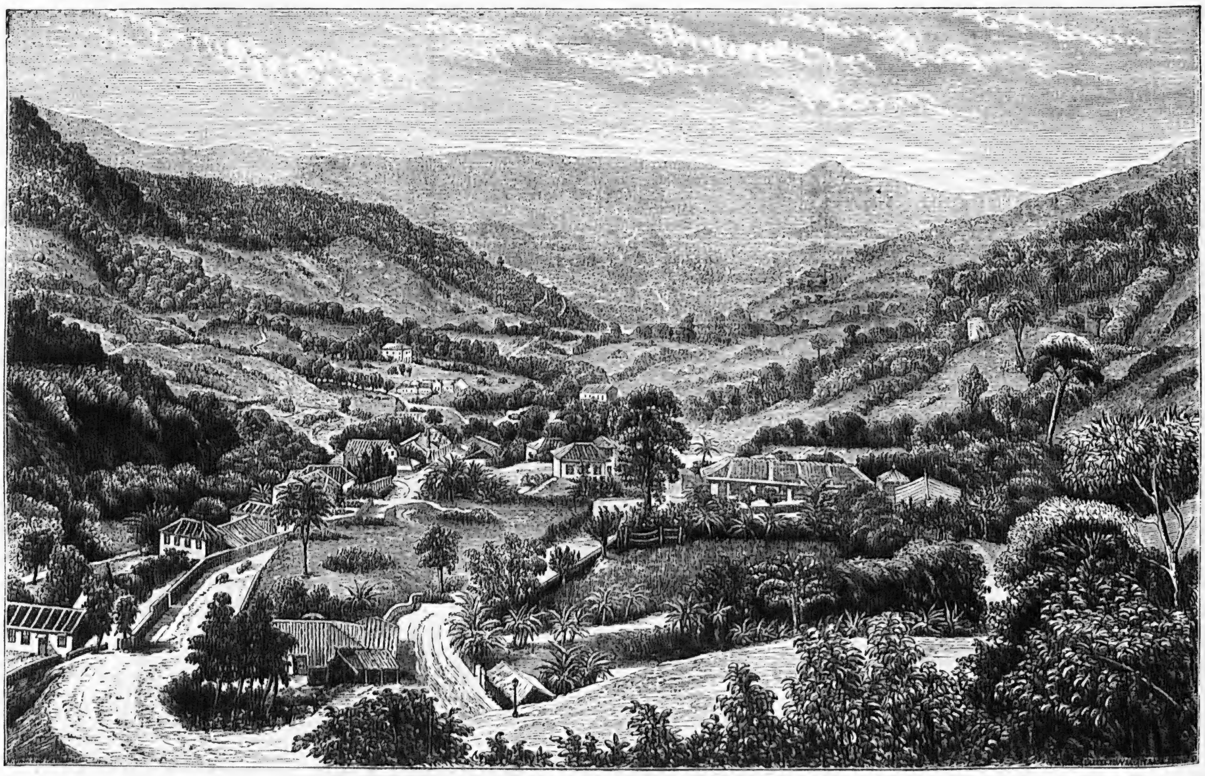
"The well-worn question about the personal relations unavoidably existing between dramatic authors, actors, managers, and dramatic critics, has again been revived in the columns of a morning contemporary, and in a letter, which we fancy we can recognise as the work of a gentleman well qualified to speak on the subject, we are once more told how difficult it is to tell the truth about a bad piece when you have shaken hands with the manager or dined with the author. But is there not really a great deal of nonsense about all this? It surely cannot be difficult for a critic to remember that he has only one duty to fulfil, and that is to the public. If he cannot do this he is unfit for his office, and if he be an honest man must resign it. We do not believe that the complications said to arise from telling the truth are of frequent occurrence. It is possible that immediately after reading a scathing exposure of his shortcomings and defects, an author or an actor may experience some momentary sense of ill-will against his critic, but when it is once recognised that his opinions are always honestly given, without fear or favour, and that, although he may blame one day he can praise the next, that while he never hesitates to attack and expose the successful charlatan, he is equally ready to hold out a hand of encouragement to the young aspirant who shows promise of future achievements, he may not perhaps be so personally popular as the universal eulogist, but he will certainly be more respected, his censures will be carefully studied, and his praise be highly valued. Even that ogre critics have conjured up to frighten themselves withal, the manager, will turn to his opinions with anxiety, for he will know by experience that in most cases, as is his judgment of a new piece or a new actor, so will be the pecuniary results. But we do not believe in the existence of the dishonest criticism implied by such letters as that we are alluding to, save in the rarest instances. There is a simpler explanation for the utter valuelessness of much of our newspaper dramatic criticism. If a book is to be reviewed the task is generally entrusted to a critic specially versed in the subject treated, but unfortunately there are certain social advantages connected with the position of a dramatic critic that cause it to be sought after with eagerness by men who know nothing of the history of the drama and as little of literature generally. These gentlemen like going to the theatre for amusement; they are amused; they have no critical faculty, and therefore they look upon all they see and pronounce it very good. Every newspaper editor constantly receives requests for the appointment of a dramatic critic from gentlemen of this class, without the slightest experience, many of whom are unable to write even a decent letter of application. But all thoroughly believe in their own competence, and unfortunately too many of them manage to extend that belief to the editorial bosom. And so dramatic criticism has become contemptible, and the office is bestowed on the strangest grounds. In one instance we have heard of, because the father of the applicant had rendered valuable services to the paper. Let this be reformed. Let dramatic criticism be confined to men who know something of acting and a little of the drama, and we shall cease to hear of the difficulties of speaking the truth, because the writers will have reasons to offer for the opinions they give."

THE ex-Emperor of the French, it appears, did not spend the days of his captivity at Wilhelmshohe in idleness, for a book written by him during his compulsory residence at that place on the organisation of the Prussian army has just been published in Paris. It is also said that the Emperor has recently been engaged in the composition of a work on the reorganisation of the French army and the revision of grades.

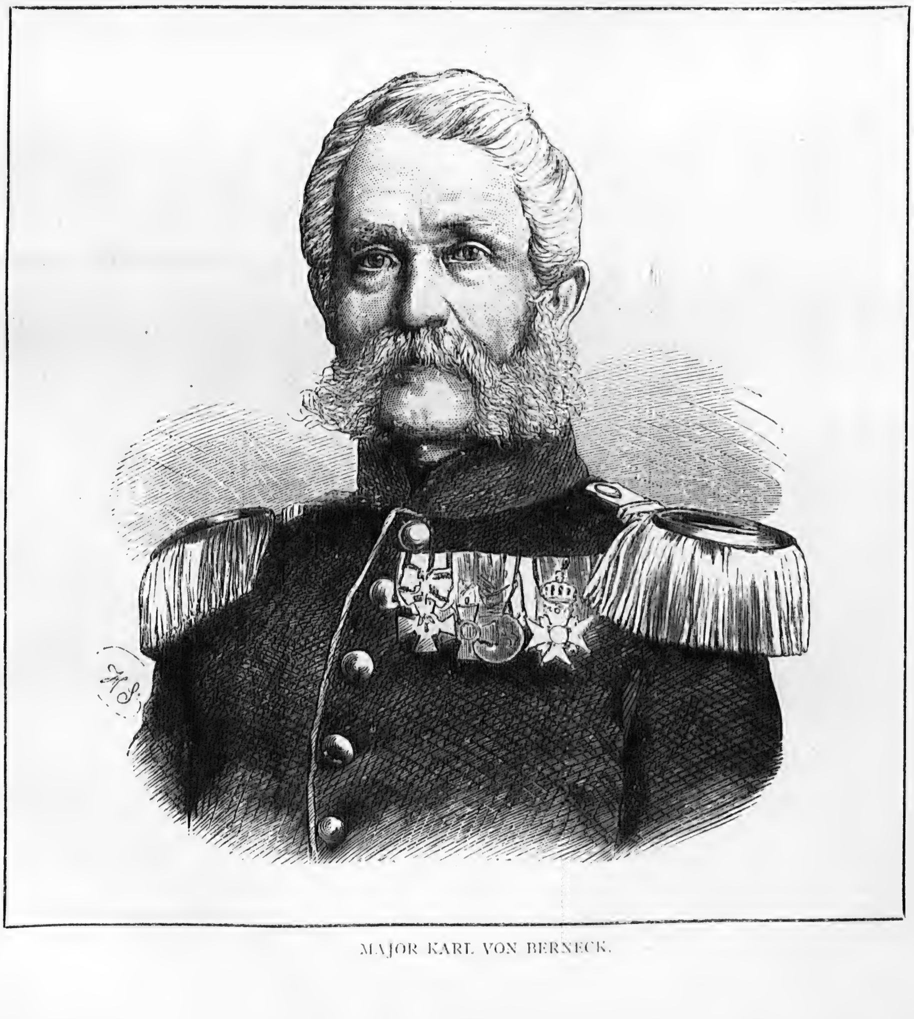
THE Paris correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* says there is a rumour current in Paris that General Von Moltke has invested his share in the indemnity in the Paris loan.

A SAD event is reported from Paris. The Rev. John Sellwood, vicar of Shute, near Axminster, has cut his throat with a razor, life being extinct before medical assistance could arrive. No reason is assigned for the act.

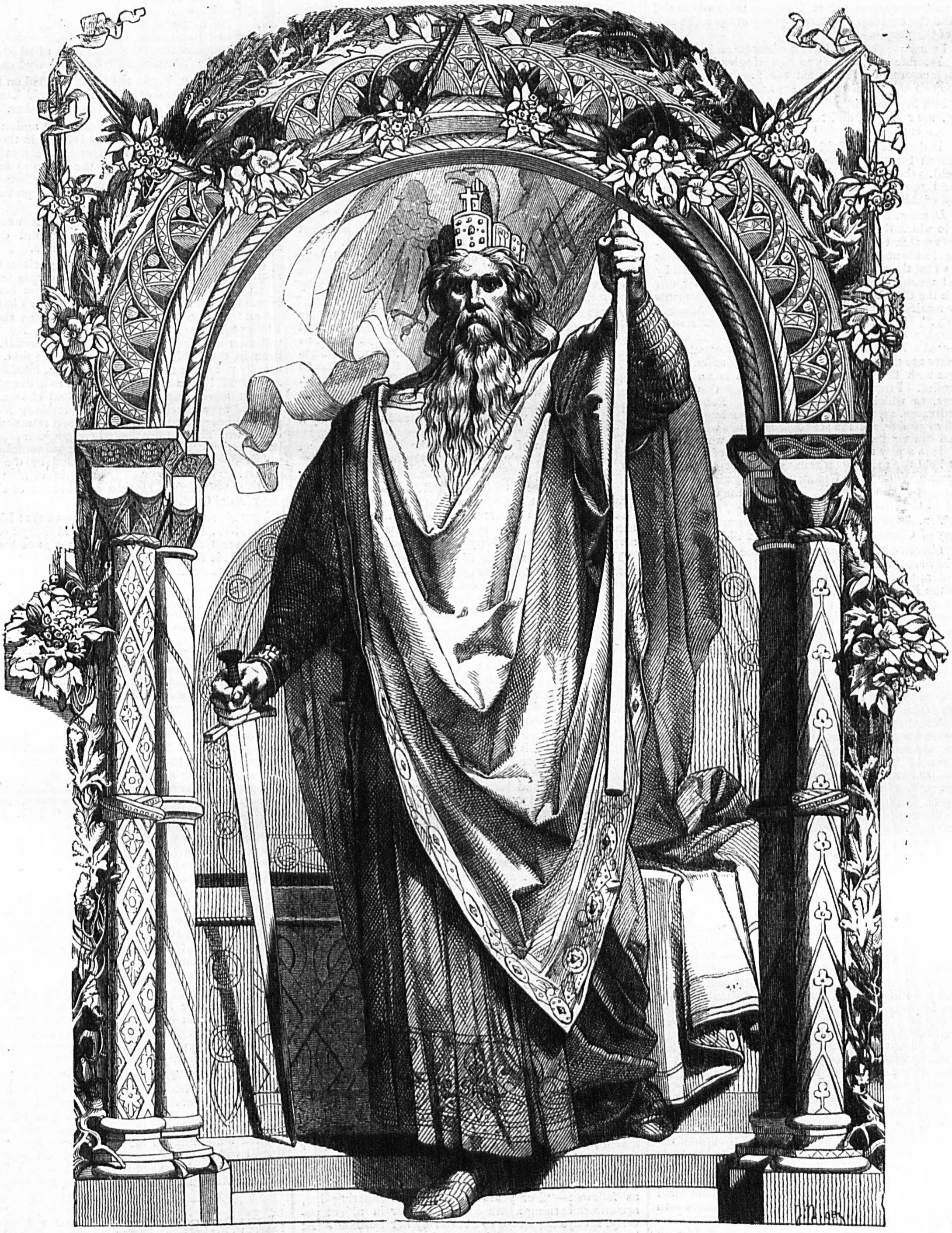
BORWICK'S CUSTARD POWDER is now used by all respectable families for making delicious Custards and Blanc-Manges, and nothing can be more agreeable to eat with Puddings, Pies, and Stewed Fruits. Sold by all corndealers in 1d. and 2d. packets, and 6d. and 1s. tins. [157



PROTOPOLIS.



MAJOR KARL VON BERNECK.



THE EMPEROR FREDERICK I. (BARBAROSSA).

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE mortality of Paris still diminishes.

THE fund raised for the relief of the sufferers at Stowmarket now amounts to nearly £3,400.

A DEMONSTRATION of the friends of "Home Rule" is to take place at Cork on an early day.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT presided at a meeting at Manchester on Saturday evening, and declared himself unfavourable to the principle of life peerages advocated by Mr. Fawcett, and that he would prefer a continuance of the existing system rather than a change which did not make the creation of peers dependent upon the suffrages of the people.

THE Lyons magistrates have sentenced an individual named Dombrowski, who was the ringleader during the excesses committed against the resident Germans there, to two months' imprisonment and a fine of 100f.

A FLOOD has burst into the workings of the Broadfield Colliery, near Wigan, and 100 men are thus thrown out of employment.

THE Bishop of Lichfield has instituted the Rev. Ravenscroft Stewart to the vicarage of Pleasley, near Mansfield, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. J. Granville, and the Rev. Martin Whish Brystocke to the vicarage of Albrighton, near Shrewsbury.

THE *Democratische Zeitung* comments on the violent scenes to which the mention of the Commune gave rise in the general meeting of the League of Peace and Freedom at Lausanne. With commendable frankness it declares that the aims of the party cannot be attained by peaceful means. Thus it says:—"It is no pacific war in which the democrats are engaged. Bloody footprints already mark the way on which the nation must advance to liberty." The new *Social Democrat*, too, speaks unfavourably of the Congress. The socialistic organ says:—"We have always been of opinion that such congresses are mere trifling, and that every union of the socialists with the radical middle classes is an empty compromise. From the first we considered this Peace Congress, to which Jacoby, Liebknecht, Bebel, &c., sent addresses, as a piece of dishonest humbug, got up by the *bourgeoisie*, and the scandalous scenes which have occurred during its sittings prove that we were in the right. It is a pity that these rabid enemies of socialism did not hold their sittings within the district covered by the German Workmen's Union, for our partisans would soon have put a speedy termination to the disgraceful triumph of the *bourgeois*."

THE Ven. Archdeacon Pollock has resigned the archdeaconry of Chester, owing to continued ill-health.

THE *German Correspondent* says the Empress and Queen has sent the following letter to Mrs. Marie Simon in Dresden, together with the cross conferred on that lady by the Emperor:—"I have requested the Emperor to make the exception of entrusting me with the office of sending you the cross he has conferred upon you, because I desired to take this opportunity of renewing the expression of my acknowledgments for your services. There can be no external reward for works of true charity; they find their recompense in themselves and in the consciousness of a faithful discharge of our duties. The cross of honour established by the Emperor is not therefore intended as a reward for such exertions, but as an external sign of their value, and as a memorial of the momentous period when all the women of Germany laboured unwearyingly and with success. It is the expression of his thanks and his acknowledgments, which are due in the fullest measure to your exertions in peace as well as in war."

JOAQUIN MILLER, the new American poet, has written for the November number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* a poem of considerable length.

THE *Musical Standard* says that the new grand theatre at Rome will be opened next year; it will bear the appropriate name of Victor Emmanuel. Ole Bull is seriously ill, and his agent has been obliged to cancel his engagements. Mr. Santley and Madame Anna Bishop have arrived in New York. Rubini is said to have discovered a splendid tenor singer of the name of Devillier, at Boulogne-sur-Mer. The owner of this desirable voice is now having it cultivated under the auspices of the discoverer.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *North German Gazette* writes from Paris that the French translation of "The Battle of Dorking" has had a surprising success in the French capital. The correspondent undertakes to prove, from internal evidence, that the pretended French translation is the original, and that the article in *Blackwood* is the translation. "Though we are not prepared to maintain, with the writer of the above," says the *German Correspondent*, "that 'The Battle of Dorking' is from a French pen, it seems to us even more incredible, on the other hand, that an Englishman would voluntarily undertake, at one and the same time, to render his country ridiculous abroad, and to make England the goat in the well on whose horns the Gallic fox is to spring out of the awkward predicament in which it has been placed by an inordinate and selfish thirst of conquest. England has hitherto gained only problematical advantages and scanty reputation from her alliance with France, and Englishmen ought not to forget that Germany has never yet stood on the same battle-field with England except as a friend and ally. It is consequently with pain that we hear them speak of us as possible future enemies. The writer of this foolish lucubration, 'The Battle of Dorking,' it is very evident, has the interests of France much more at heart than those of England, and in that signification of the term, at least, we perfectly agree with the correspondent of the *North German Gazette* that he is no true Englishman."

M. POUYER-QUERTIER, who left Paris on Saturday morning and reached Berlin on Sunday, is said to be armed with full powers to conclude the Alsace Treaty with Prince Bismarck, who, as well as the Emperor, has arrived at Berlin. Count Arnim is expected in Berlin to take part in the negotiations, which will be immediately entered upon.

THE *Portsmouth Times* says a rumour has reached it from a reliable source that within the last few days, some lead being required in the dockyard for the completion of a necessary repair, it was discovered on application at the storehouse that there was none of a suitable nature on charge. The men had to be sent on board the *St. Vincent* with orders to remove the lead from a water course in that ship before the job on which they had been engaged could be completed. This shows to what a state of attenuation the stores of the first naval depot in the world have been reduced.

THE King of Sweden closed the Rigsdag on Saturday with a short speech from the Throne. His Majesty regretted that the national defence question should again have to be postponed.

A SHORT time ago a very clever burlesque of four prominent American poets—Watt Whitman, Bret Harte, John Hay, and Joaquin Miller—was published in the *Tribune* from the pen of Bayard Taylor. The piece is called "The Battle of the Bards," and was produced, a few days ago, at the opening of the American Institute Fair in New York, at which Watt Whitman recited a characteristic poem.

THE leading members of the Liberal party in Belfast are getting up an invitation to Mr. Gladstone to visit that town.

THE Rev. John Sellwood, vicar of Shute, near Axminster, has committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. No reason is assigned for the act.

A COUNCIL of War sat on Saturday to reconsider the case of Rossel, and decided by six votes to one that he was guilty of desertion to the enemy, and thereby incurred the penalty of death.

A TELEGRAM from Versailles to the *Times* says:—"It is reported here that M. Victor Lefranc, at present Minister of Commerce, will succeed M. Lambrecht as Minister of the Interior. The death of M. Lambrecht is universally regretted. It is possible that M. Ricard may enter the Ministry to replace M. Victor Lefranc. Among the elections for the Conseils-Généraux already made known is mentioned that of M. de Larcy, Minister of Public Works, who has been returned at Nimes by a large majority."

THE epidemic of cholera may be considered at an end at Constantinople. It has only proved fatal in 150 cases.

THE committee instituted at Turin to draw up a general plan for the defence of the Italian territory has just concluded its labours. It asks for a credit of one hundred and forty-two millions for new fortifications, seven for repairs, and thirty-four for cannons.

THE constant reports of Bonapartist intrigues in France, says the *Observer*, render it desirable to assert once more that neither the Emperor Napoleon nor any member of the Imperial family has in any way or degree encouraged any Imperialist movements. The friends of the Emperor may, perhaps, manifest some impatience, but the Emperor is not even aware of any movement tending to expedite the inevitable appeal to the suffrages of the French nation.

THE revision of the parliamentary list of voters for the borough of Preston resulted in a gain of forty-six for the Conservatives. The Conservatives also gained a number of votes at the revision of the Blackpool county list.

THE Bombay papers report that a police inspector in the Northern Division of the Bombay Presidency has died worth £10,000. Money and good securities were found in his house worth £7,500, and his heirs lay claim to landed and house property worth £3,000 more. With very natural curiosity, says the *Homeward Mail*, people have been speculating on how he came by it. There are a great many positions in India connected with public duties in which it would be found very difficult to hoard £10,000; and many servants of the Crown would have been glad to change places with this Mussulman policeman, on the prospect of becoming the honest possessor of such a fortune. But his pay, it seems, was only an average of £120 a year. It is suggested that he might have had a legacy left him, or the value of his possessions may have been exaggerated; but the one explanation is not afforded, and the particulars of the others are precise. The case, then, assumes a very serious aspect, and it is gravely conjectured that either this agent to catch thieves was himself a thief, or —and this is most conspicuous—that he oppressed honest people, and by a system of oppression and the acceptance of bribes to screen the guilty or to save the innocent from false charges, amassed all this wealth.

THE *Boston Advertiser* contains the substance of a biography, by Mr. Theodore Tilton, of a most remarkable woman, named Mrs. Victoria Claflin Woodhull, of New York, who is described by the multifarious titles of "banker, broker, editor, author, and candidate for the presidency of the United States." After stating that she was born in Homer, Ohio, in 1838, and was the seventh of ten children, that her mother was insane, her father brutal, and her childhood utterly wretched, and that in her fourteenth year, urged by her parents, she married Dr. Canning Woodhull, the biography continues as follows:—"For years she lived a wandering life, sometimes earning a little money, oftener in abject poverty, always neglected or abused by her husband. At last the spirits directed her to take rooms at the Bates House, Indianapolis, announce herself as a medium, and treat patients for the cure of disease. She did so, became at once the town's talk, wrought miracles, and grew rich. So she went from city to city, till her yearly income reached nearly 100,000 dols. She supported all her relatives far and near, and yet had something to invest; and when her property, in 1869, amounted to 700,000 dols., the spirits told her to discontinue her practice." In Dec., 1869, it is stated, Demosthenes, who has been one of her familiars, provided her with a memorial, which she addressed to Congress, and inspired a speech for her in the Capitol, when she "won the favour of General Butler, Judge Loughridge, and other statesmen." In 1870 she nominated herself for the Presidency, and is now a candidate for that office.

A ROME telegram says the St. Therese and St. Antoine convents, which had been taken possession of last August, were occupied by the troops on Saturday without any resistance being offered. The nuns had received instructions from the Holy See only to yield to force.

ADVICES dated Tebessa, the 3rd inst., express fears lest the agitation which has been manifested on the Tunisian frontier should spread into the interior. From Bathna it is reported that the tribes brought to subjection by Colonel Flogny were beginning to pay the contributions imposed upon them, and to surrender their arms. As to the tribe of Beni Aidel, it is said Bou Mezrig had burnt some villages of the allies, and that the population of the large town Kalaa had surrendered to that chief. Western Kabylia is reported calm.

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL has decided on taking up his residence at Rome, and his household has received orders to be in that city by the 1st November.

A MADRID telegram says Senor Candau has not accepted the resignation of the officials in the Ministry of the Interior. The Governors in the provinces and the clerks in the Ministry of the Colonies have withdrawn their resignations. The manifestations in honour of the new Cabinet have ceased in the provinces, and perfect tranquillity everywhere prevails.

THE *Siècle* and *Salut* have articles warning the Government of Bonapartist intrigues, and calling for strong measures against the conspirators.

THE *Police Gazette* of St. Petersburg relates that some short time back a chest, containing a corpse with a fractured skull, was found in a garret of a house, Rue Moyenne Podiatcheskaia. An inquiry was immediately set on foot, and the body was identified as that of one Philippe Stramm, a private teacher of Revel, and a trafficker in bills of exchange. It appeared that he had been in the habit of coming to the capital, and had usually put up at the house in question, inhabited up to August 18 by a woman and her son and daughter, also born at Revel, and of notoriously bad character. The son had been expelled from St. Petersburg for want of proper papers, and all three had then returned to their own town. They were arrested on suspicion, and the son being brought to the capital made a full confession of the murder, which had been perpetrated by the three together. They had robbed their victim of nine letters of exchange of 100f. each, and of a bundle of cheques of the Mutual Credit Company.

THE *Advertiser* mentions a rumour that Lieutenant-General W. H. Forster, K.B., the Military Secretary at the Horse Guards, has at length resigned his appointment. It is thought that the Deputy Adjutant-General, Major-General C. B. Egerton, will be appointed to succeed him.

A STRIKE of 300 working men has occurred at Ghent. The men claim a working day of ten hours, with no reduction of wages, and that all overtime be paid double.

THE *Swiss Times* is informed that a dispute has arisen between the managers of the Swiss railways, or rather of the Central Railway and Federal Council, touching the cost of transport of the French *internés*. The Federal Council and General Clinchamp agreed at the convention, in February last, that the charge of transporting the French soldiers should be at a reduced rate, probably at the same rate at which the Federal troops are taken. Now that the accounts of the internment are the object of revision, the railways ought to lower their claims, as it is a matter of several hundred thousand francs. The Central Company, as *chargé d'affaires* of the other lines, has, it is said, applied directly to M. Thiers to obtain the whole amount, and M. Kern must have made the demand unknown to the Federal Council. M. Thiers has consented to pay the entire sum, as a subscription to the sufferers from the inundations of the Rheinthal.

SEVERAL of the cotton manufacturers of Burnley gave notice to their weavers a few days ago of their intention to reduce their wages. On Saturday a large meeting of operatives was held in the open air, and it was unanimously resolved to resist the proposed reduction. Deputations from the operatives of other towns promised support to the weavers in the event of a strike.

ONE of the bankers, representing the group who are to guarantee the French Treasury bills to be given for the next portion of the indemnity, left Paris with M. Pouyer-Quertier for Berlin, in order to settle the question as to the proviso against the negotiability of these bills before maturity.

THE wife of Thomas Broomhall, sword mounter, Queen's-road, Aston, on Saturday night died suddenly in the street, and was conveyed to her home, in the neighbourhood. The husband of deceased, on being made acquainted with the occurrence, went home in an excited state, and on seeing his wife said, "If she is dead I will do this," and at once cut his throat with a pocket knffe. The would-be suicide was taken to the General Hospital, and is progressing favourably.

PATENT TEETH ON SOFT GUMS.—Mr. WILLIAM J. WATSON, Surgeon Dentist, 16, Newhall Street, Birmingham, begs to inform the inhabitants of the Midland Counties that he is the SOLE INVENTOR and DISCOVERER of a new system of fixing PATENT TEETH on SOFT GUMS, and, he being the actual Maker, is enabled to supply Teeth *at about one-third the usual charges*. Single Teeth from 3s. 6d. each; Sets from £2 10s., including all charges. Perfectly fitted at one visit. Attendance daily from nine a.m. till eight p.m. Consultation free. [164

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use Archer's improved Colloid, as advertised on page 48. This article is also invaluable for washing prints, muslin, and all coloured frocks or dresses for spring or summer wear. [361

FACEACHE, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOREUX.—ADAM SMITH'S NEURALGINE effects a certain cure.—Depôt, 39, Ann-street. Sold by all Chemists; and Gare, Green, Bagott, of Dudley.

Mr. Edgar, Butt Lighthouse, Island of Lewes, writes to Sir James Matheson, November 23, 1869:—"Mrs. Edgar cannot express her thanks to Lady Matheson for sending the Neuraline; it proved the most successful lotion she has ever applied. The relief experienced is almost instantaneous." Neuraline, applied externally, cures Tic Doloreux, Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Gout, and all nerve pains. Prepared by Leath and Ross, Homœopathic Chemists, 5, St. Paul's Churchyard, and 9, Vere-street, W.; and sold by all patent medicine vendors, in bottles, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. [448

Notice.—At the conclusion of the Contracts for Illustrated Advertisements now in course of fulfilment, no other Block Advertisements will be published in this Journal.

CLERGY MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Established in 1829.
Office—No. 2, Broad Sanctuary, Westminster.

TRUSTEES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Archbishop of Dublin.
The Bishop Sumner.
The Archdeacon of Maidstone.

Chairman—The Archdeacon of Westminster.
Deputy-Chairman—Robert Few, Esq.
Consulting Actuary—Samuel Brown, Esq.
Actuary—Stewart Helder, Esq.
Physician—Dr. Stone, 13, Vigo Street.
Secretary—Matthew Hodgson, Esq.

Total existing assurances	£4,912,205	0	0
Total annual income	198,314	2	6
Total funds	1,891,915	12	7
Bonus allotted to members at the eighth quinquennial division of profits	280,000	0	0
Bonus reserve fund	45,453	15	5

No agents employed, and no commission paid.

For the year ended 31st May, 1871, 426 proposals, assuring £353,345, and yielding in annual premiums £11,728 4s., were completed; and, notwithstanding the large reductions in the premiums made by bonus in every fifth year from 1831 to 1866, both inclusive, the fund accumulating for the purpose of meeting future claims was, after payment of all outgoings, increased in the year by £106,674 9s. 9d.

The Forty-Second Annual Report, forms of proposal, and the accounts prepared pursuant to the "Life Assurance Companies Act, 1870," may be had on application at the office personally, or by letter.

Clergymen and their wives, and the relations of clergymen and their wives, are invited to make life assurances in this Society.

THE SCHOOL for the INDIGENT BLIND, St. George's Fields. Instituted 1799.

Incorporated 1826.
Patron.—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.
President.
His Grace the Lord Archbishop of CANTERBURY.
Vice-Presidents.
The Right Rev. Samuel, Lord Bishop of WINCHESTER.
The Right Honourable the Lord TEIGNMOUTH.
ROBERT S. HOLFORD, Esq.
Treasurer.
SAML. RICHARD BOSANQUET, Esq.
Bankers.
Messrs. BOSANQUET & Co., 73, Lombard Street.

The Committee have for many years felt the want of an Asylum, in connection with this School, for the reception and maintenance of those who, after completing their pupilage, may be destitute of a home, or of parental support, or aged, or infirm, but still able and willing (so long as age and infirmity will permit) to continue their industrial, and, to some degree, productive work.

When the Committee applied to Parliament for an Act to enable them to remove the School into the country, for the sake of a healthier atmosphere and a larger space, for extending the usefulness of the Charity, they asked for and obtained the power to add an Asylum for the reception and maintenance of Adult Blind Persons.

Parliament annexed to the power the condition that the cost of any buildings to be erected for the purpose, as well as the expense of and incident to the management and maintenance of such persons, be defrayed out of any funds which may be specially given or subscribed for that object, and not out of the ordinary funds of the Corporation.

Therefore the Committee have no fund whatsoever applicable to this desirable object; and the addition of an Asylum must depend, for its erection and maintenance, upon the approval and support of the friends of the Blind.

The power conferred by the Act of Parliament has not limited the benefit of an Asylum to those blind persons who have been connected with the School. It embraces the Blind in general, among whom there are many more aged, more destitute, more infirm, and in so far as they have not experienced and cannot experience the benefits of the School, are more necessitous.

It was to prepare for this charitable work that the Committee obtained the requisite legal power to add an Asylum to their intended new Schools (on any land to be purchased for such Schools).

And now, having contracted for the purchase of the land, they make this APPEAL to the public for means to enable them to perform that charitable work.

The extent of the Asylum addition must necessarily be proportionate to the fund to be subscribed, but the Committee are hopeful that the response to their appeal will enable them to initiate a building sufficient to contain about fifty inmates (more or less, exclusive of attendants), and they will endeavour to make their designs capable of co-extension with future increased means and requirements.

The Committee feel that the object of this Appeal constitutes its sufficient recommendation.

The persons to be benefited are the blind (the homeless, the aged, and the indigent blind), those who are incapable of earning a livelihood.

The power to benefit them is in that large-hearted English sympathy which is so ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to help and soften the afflictions of humanity, the exercise of which has for more than half a century so eminently characterised the support of the School for the Indigent Blind.

The Committee have contracted for the purchase of twelve acres of land at the Caterham Junction of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway (fronting the line) for the site of the intended new Schools, and the addition thereto (if funds can be obtained) of an Asylum.

Proximity to the metropolis, facility of intercourse, and healthful conditions, induce the belief that the site will prove to be a very eligible selection.

Donations are therefore solicited, and will be received by Messrs. Bosanquet & Co., 73, Lombard Street, E.C.; by Mr. Grueber, 5, Billiter Street, E.C.; and by the Chaplain, the Rev. B. G. Johns, at the School.

All Cheques and Post Office Orders are requested to be crossed "Bosanquet & Co.," the Blind School Asylum Fund.

THOS. GRUEBER,
Secretary and Solicitor to the Corporation.
5, Billiter Street, E.C., August 25, 1871.

THE BLOOD PURIFIER.

OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SARSAPARILLA.

This extraordinary medicine has a singular influence over the blood, which it enriches and purifies. It removes all pimples and blotches, purifies the system, and acts like a charm. As a sustaining and purifying tonic it is invaluable, and highly recommended in long-standing cases of indigestion, nervousness, coughs, scrofula, gout, dropsy, and wasting of flesh. Sold by all druggists. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrapper, with the Doctor's head in the centre. No other genuine. In bottles, 2s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., and 11s.

THE OLD DR.'S SARSAPARILLA PILLS

Are the most popular medicine known for all bilious affections, liver and stomach complaints, and indigestion, as proved by thousands.

ALSO SARSAPARILLA OINTMENT,

The best soother of all sores, burns, and scalds; each in boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. By post, 15, 30, and 60 stamps. [283

Chief Depot—131, FLEET STREET, LONDON.

SCOTTISH COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

CAPITAL ONE MILLION STERLING.

Head Office: 133, West George Street, Glasgow.
London Office: 8, Moorgate Street, E.C.
Chairman—ALEXANDER CRUM, Esq., of Thornliebank.

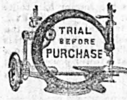
Abstract from Reports of 1870 and 1871, showing the Progress of the Company.

1870.				1871.		
£36,165	8	10	Gross Fire Income	£55,139	2	0
27,554	3	4	Nett Fire Premiums	45,243	16	10
13,111	11	1	Losses	22,766	17	7
7,555	10	6	Balance of Profit and Loss Account	12,336	11	2
17,067	10	4	Accumulated Funds (Fire and Life)	26,869	14	2
68,492	10	4	Invested Funds, including Paid-up Capital	78,294	14	2

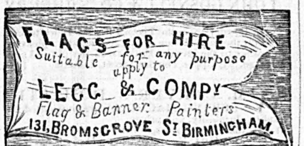
Application for Agencies Invited.

May, 1871. FRED. J. HALLOWS, *Manager*. [370

WILLCOX AND GIBBS' SILENT SEWING MACHINE.



Machines Taken in EXCHANGE.
Machines on Hire.
T. S. TONGUE,
Sole Agent,
3, BULL STREET,
BIRMINGHAM [426



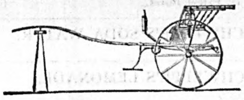
MR. J. SWINSON,

DENTIST,
SOLIHULL.
Attendance daily. Hours, from 10 till 6. [80

FINE Flavoured Strong BEEF TEA,

at about 2½d. a pint. Ask for LIEBIG COMPANY's EXTRACT of MEAT, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarantee of genuineness.

Excellent economical stock for soups, sauces, &c. [234



FORDER & CO.'S CELEBRATED LIGHT GIGS.

Weight, 3 cwt. In stock: ready to take home with you. These Gigs are built of the very best materials, steel forgings, hickory wheels, double riveted, bent felloes, best lancewood shafts, lamps, best india-rubber apron, best cloth cushions, driving box, patent whip socket, mail patent axle with solid flaps, rubber blocks in ends of springs. Price £31 10s. nett. Warranted twelve months.—CARRIAGE WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. [150

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all Dealers throughout the World. [218

MR. ESKELL, of 8, Grosvenor Street,

the Author of "Pure Dentistry, and What it Does for Us," "Painless Tooth Extraction; or, Anæsthesia Locally Applied," "Dental Surgery; a Practical Treatise," "Modern Dentistry; its Principles and Practice," &c., may be CONSULTED DAILY, as hitherto, from ten to four o'clock, at his residence, 8, Grosvenor Street, Grosvenor Square (a few doors from Bond-street).

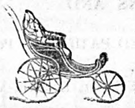
N.B.—The above works may be obtained of Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, of all Booksellers; or of the Author, post free for 7 stamps each. [231

BOWATERS' PRIZE ARTIFICIAL TEETH

defy all Competition for NATURAL APPEARANCE. MASTICATION, ARTICULATION, and COMFORT. Teeth fixed from 5s. per Tooth, including all charges.

W. BOWATER, Surgeon Dentist, &c., 142, Broad Street, Birmingham.

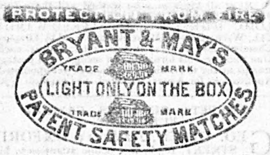
BOWATER'S TOOTH-ACHE SPECIFIC, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each; by Post, 7 or 14 Stamps. [573



LLOYD & CO., 157, ISLINGTON, BIRMINGHAM.

Patentees and Manufacturers of Perambulators, and Bath Chairs of every description.

Wholesale and Retail. [269

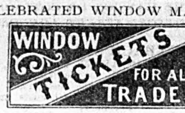


[410

PALFREY'S, 4, BULL RING, BIRMINGHAM.

JEWELLERS' & PAWNBROKERS'
CELEBRATED WINDOW MARKS.

An Endless Variety for Stationers', Tobacconists', and Fancy Trades.



First-class Tickets for Birmingham and Sheffield Goods.

China and Glass Warehouses, Grocers, Drapers, and Outfitters. The most effective and cheapest ever produced.

Largest variety in the world from 6d. the gross. [138

CORNS AND BUNIONS. — A

Gentleman, many years tormented with Corns, will be happy to afford others the information by which he obtained their COMPLETE REMOVAL in a short period, without pain or any inconvenience. —Forward address, on a stamped envelope, to F. Kingston, Esq., Church Street, Ware, Herts. [238

AUCTION ROOMS AND FINE ART GALLERIES

(formerly Winstanley's), 44, Church St., Liverpool, Established 1810, for the Sale by Auction of Furniture, Works of Art, Jewellery, Plate, Books, Wines, China, Glass, Hardware, Carpets, Stocks in Trade, and Goods of every description. Consignments invited. Cash advanced, if required.

GEORGE TURNER, Auctioneer, Valuer, &c.,
Liverpool. [797

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE:

An Educational Record and Review.
Published every Saturday on Fine Paper, 32 pp.
Price Sixpence.

Contents of No. 34.

The School Boards:—Meetings of Boards throughout England and Wales.

Contributed Papers and Letters:—Public Education in Switzerland. No. XII.—Primary Schools.—Religious Teaching. By W. Hepworth Dixon.—The Bishop of Manchester on Elementary Education.—An Hour with the Deaf and Dumb. No. II.—Their Systems of Instruction—Signs or Articulation? By Charles Pebody.—Spelling in Primary Schools.—The Remission of School Fees.

Answers to Correspondents.

Gossip of the Schools.

Reviews:—Mr. Kavanagh on the Origin of Languages and Myths.—Wonderful Stories from Northern Lands.—The Moabite Stone.—Mr. Robert Browning's New Poem.—French Educationists. V.—Montaigne.—Educational Subjects in the Magazines of the Month.

Vol. II. Now Ready, price 8s. 6d., Handsomely Bound in Cloth, post free for 9s. 6d. Covers for Binding, 2s. 6d. each. Portfolio for Single Copy, 2s.

GRANT & CO., 102, Fleet Street, E.C.

AT MUDIE'S AND ALL LIBRARIES.

REMINISCENCES OF MARK LEMON.

This day is published in cloth gilt, price 7s. 6d.

WITH A SHOW IN THE NORTH.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

Together with Mark Lemon's last Song, his revised text of Falstaff, and Portrait in Costume (Reprinted with additions from the *Gentleman's Magazine*).

"'With a Show in the North' is a reprint—most elegantly turned out—of Mr. Joseph Hatton's papers which appeared originally in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, descriptive of his tour through the provinces with the late lamented Mark Lemon, during his Falstaffian entertainment. The book abounds in quaint anecdotes and touching memories, and is written with ease and simplicity which distinguishes the author of 'The Tallants of Barton.' One reads the book at a sitting—and one puts it down with a sigh. We are all indebted to Mr. Hatton for this memorial volume."—*Fun*, April 8.

"Mr. Hatton's interesting reminiscences of Mark Lemon."—*Illustrated London News.*

"A series of articles which are read with real zest."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

"Full of curious interest."—*Perthshire Journal.*

"A series of charming reminiscences."—*Manchester Examiner and Times.*

London: WM. H. ALLEN & CO., 13, Waterloo Place, S.W.

ROTTON PARK RESERVOIR

EDGBASTON,
NOW OPEN to SUBSCRIBERS and the PUBLIC generally for
BOATING, &c.
Subscribers' Tickets may be had at the Lodge, Reservoir-road.
265] W. B. WYATT, Proprietor.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,

In use the last 70 Years for
INDIGESTION.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS

In use the last 70 Years for
BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS,

In use the last 70 Years for
LIVER COMPLAINTS.
In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. [248

THE Right Hon. Lord LYTTELTON on the EDUCATION ACT.—Vol. I. of the SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE.

W. HEPWORTH DIXON on EDUCATION in GERMANY.—Vol. I. of the SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE.

REV. J. M. CAPES on ART TEACHING of the POOR.—SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE. Vol. I.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE, an Educational Record and Review, 6d. weekly.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE. Special Resolutions have been passed in favour of the *School Board Chronicle* by the School Boards of London, Ipswich, Bolton, Exeter, Bristol, Plymouth, Totnes, Bodmin, St. Davids, Southampton, South Shields, Hartlepool, Merthyr Tydfil, and the majority of the Boards in England and Wales.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE, an Educational Record and Review, 6d. weekly. Grant and Co., No. 102, Fleet Street. Vol. II. now ready, 8s. 6d.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE: An Educational Record and Review. Published every Saturday on fine toned paper, 32 pp. Price 6d.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE. Nos. 1 to 34 are now ready. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining the Back Numbers, they can be sent direct from the Publishing Office, 102, Fleet Street.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE: An Educational Record and Review. 6d., weekly. Grant and Co., 102, Fleet-street. Vol. I., now ready, 8s. 6d.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE is now regularly filed by about 220 School Boards. There are already upwards of 1,500 members of School Boards in England and Wales subscribers to the *School Board Chronicle*. This constituency is largely augmented by peers of the realm, bishops and clergy, ministers of all denominations, members of Parliament, town councillors, schoolmasters, and a large body of other public men and persons interested in education. 6d. weekly. Published by Grant and Co., No. 102, Fleet Street.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE, an Educational Record and Review, 6d. weekly. Grant and Co., No. 102, Fleet Street. Vol. II. now ready, 8s. 6d.

THE SCHOOL BOARD CHRONICLE'S circulation increases largely every week, and its literary features are gaining for it a large class of readers in addition to those specially interested in School Boards, thus making it a most valuable medium for advertisements that appeal to the reading and official world. 6d. weekly. Published by Grant and Co., 102, Fleet Street.

Now Ready, price One Shilling,

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER.

CONTENTS:—

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES. By the Author of "Christopher Kenrick" and "The Tallants of Barton."

Chap. XVII.—The First Blare of the Trumpets
„ XVIII.—"And our Little Life is Rounded with a Sleep."
„ XIX.—In the Battle.

THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

THE BOOK OF OATIATI.—Preface. I.—William Ewart Gladstone. II.—Swinburne. III.—Joan of Arc.

SONNET.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND. By Charles Cowden Clarke. VII.—Burlesque Writers.

THE ILLUSION OF BIGNESS. By J. M. Capes.

THE IVIED COTTAGE. By S. H. Bradbury.

PLAYERS OF OUR DAY. I.—Mr. J. L. Toole.

ON BOARD THE "EULALIE." A Yachting Song.

NORTHERN RACING NOTES. By Asteroid.

LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SMALL TERRIER.

TABLE TALK. By Sylvanus Urban.

London: GRANT & CO., 102, Fleet Street.

THE SALINE ANTISEPTIC—HARMLESS AS COMMON SALT.

CHLORALUM.

A Safe, Odourless, Non-poisonous Disinfectant.

CHLORALUM.
Sold in Quarts, 2s.; Pints, 1s.; Half-Pints, 6*d.*; By the Gallon, 5s.
CHLORALUM POWDER.
In casks — One cwt. for 15s.; Half cwt. for 8s. 6d.; and in 6d. and 1s. tins.
CHLORALUM WOOL.
In Pound and Half-Pound Packets, 6s. per lb.
CHLORALUM WADDING.
Per Sheet, 2s. 6d.

THE CHLORALUM COMPANY,
1, GREAT WINCHESTER ST. BUILDINGS, LONDON, E.C.
[483

ACCIDENTS CAUSE LOSS OF LIFE.
Accidents cause Loss of Time.
ACCIDENTS CAUSE LOSS OF MONEY.

PROVIDE AGAINST ACCIDENTS

OF ALL KINDS by Insuring with the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

An Annual Payment of £3 to £6 5s. insures £1,000 at Death, or an allowance at the rate of £6 per week for Injury.

£565,000 have been paid as compensation,

ONE out of every TWELVE Annual Policy Holders becoming a claimant EACH YEAR. For particulars apply to the Clerks at the Railway Stations, to the Local Agents, or at the Offices,

4, CORNHILL, and 10, REGENT ST., LONDON.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary. [223

EAGLE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1807. (FOR LIVES ONLY.)

79, PALL MALL, LONDON.

Income from Premiums £355,515
Invested Funds £3,276,394
Interest on ditto £137,731
(Being an average of £4 8 0 per cent.)

FURTHER SECURITY—A Subscribed Capital of more than a Million and a Half.

Expenses of Management under 3 per Cent.

NEXT DIVISION OF SURPLUS IN 1872.

GEORGE HUMPHREYS,
Actuary and Secretary. [263

THOMSON'S CELEBRATED MANUFACTURES.

AUTUMN, 1871.

OVERSKIRTS.—The "ROYAL BATSWING," *Seamless* and *Moulded* to the shape; pure Australian wool, light and warm. Can be had plain, in three shades of grey, or in scarlet, violet, and claret, and in these colours *richly ornamented in Satin, Velvet*, and *Silk Reps*, in *new patterns* of *choice* and *tasteful designs*.

THOMSON'S

CRINOLINES. — The new "DUPLEX" supplies, with the least possible weight, Tournure and Small Jupon in one. The "SELF-SUPPORTING" and "ROYAL TRAIN" Crinolines are ingenious inventions, perfectly supporting the dress, for morning or evening wear, also the well-known "EMPRESS RESILIENT" and "PLASTIQUE" Crinolines always in Stock at first-class retailers.

THOMSON'S

CORSETS.—The "GLOVE-FITTING." Ladies are strongly recommended to try, or at least to see and examine the "Glove-Fitting" principle before trying any other. Their shape and finish being perfected on steam models, they are now faultless in design and manufacture. Although made in many qualities, accurate fit in all is obtained; and as they do not stretch in wear, their superior shape is permanently preserved.

THOMSON'S

CORSET BUSKS.—The "UNBREAKABLE." By the new patented principle, no perforation of the steel is necessary, thus allowing of a much finer temper, and entirely obviating the risk of the usual breakage.

THOMSON'S

THE name "THOMSON" and Trade Mark (a Crown) stamped upon all goods.

NEVER BUY AN IMITATION before comparing it with the genuine original.

TRADE MARK.

[491

PICTURE FRAMES,

PICTURE FRAMING.
MOULDINGS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Picture Frames Made to Order on the Premises.
Prints, Oleographs, Foreign Sheet Glass.
GILDING IN ALL BRANCHES.
CONTRACTS FOR ADVERTISEMENT AND SHOW CARD FRAMES.

EMDIN'S
Picture Frame and Moulding Manufactory,
55, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C. [478

GLENFIELD STARCH

is the only kind used in Her Majesty's Laundry.

Those ladies who have not yet used the Glenfield Starch are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package, and if this is done, they will say, like the Queen's laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used. When you ask for Glenfield Starch, see that you get it, as inferior kinds are often substituted for the sake of extra profits. [846

MRS. YOUNG'S

ONE GUINEA

FLANNEL DRESSING GOWNS.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND

ONE HUNDRED PATTERNS Post Free.

128 & 129, Oxford Street, London, W.
[359

COLOURED DRESSES

of all kinds may be washed and the *colours preserved* by using ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID. It is manufactured by ALFRED WARD & CO., WITHY GROVE, MANCHESTER. Sold by Drapers, Chemists, and Grocers in tins at 6d. and 1s. each. One Shilling Tins forwarded on receipt of 14 postage stamps to any town where no agent is yet appointed. Applications for Agencies invited. See page 46. [362

CARPETS, CURTAINS, CABINET FURNITURE.

GEO. DIACK, 212 & 213, OXFORD STREET, W., invites public attention to his Stock of Carpets, comprising all the manufactures for Dining-Rooms, Libraries, Drawing-Rooms, and Chambers; to a unique collection of Silk Fabrics from the most approved Factories of Lyons and Spitalfields.

CABINET FURNITURE OF FIRST-CLASS MAKE.

BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING SUITABLE FOR THE MANSION OR COTTAGE.

212 & 213, *OXFORD STREET, LONDON.* [102

BREIDENBACH'S
MACASSARINE, for the Hair, 1s.
KALYDOR, for the Skin, 1s.
ODONTO, for the Teeth, 1s.
157B, Bond Street; and all Chemists and Perfumers. [474

BRADBURY AND CO.,

MAKERS OF EVERY KIND OF

SEWING MACHINES for Domestic and Manufacturing purposes, viz.: on the HOWE, THOMAS, and LANCASHIRE SYSTEMS, also the celebrated BELGRAVIA NOISELESS MACHINE, which is, without exception, the best for Family use.

WORKS:—OLDHAM, LANCASHIRE.

DEPOTS.
MANCHESTER ... 5, KING ST., & 95, PICCADILLY.
BRUSSELS ... ... RUE DU MARCHE 18.
PARIS ... ... 43, RUE DE RICHELIEU.
BERLIN ... ... 5, ROSSSTRASSE.

LONDON AGENTS:
EVANS, SON, & CO., 33 & 34, KING WILLIAM STREET.
W. P. MOCKETT, 214, CAMBERWELL ROAD.
[427

ANDRE FRESCO, SURGEON-DENTIST, Diploma 1843, Certified by the Senior Surgeon of Guy's Hospital and the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and by many other eminent medical men. PAINLESS DENTISTRY GUARANTEED. PROTOXIDE OF NITROGEN, or LAUGHING GAS, ADMINISTERED DAILY.

At Home daily. Charges strictly moderate. Consultation free.

No. 1, WEST STREET, FINSBURY CIRCUS.
Opposite the Moorgate Street Railway Station.
[422

GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.—The excruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Vendors, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box, or obtained through any Chemist. [287

HEALTHY DIGESTION.

Nothing is so important to the human frame as healthy digestive organs, and when they are impaired, the popular and professional remedy is

MORSON'S PEPSINE.

Sold in Bottles and Boxes from 2s. 6d., by all Chemists, and the Manufacturers, THOMAS MORSON & SON, 124, Southampton Row, W.C., London.

See Name on Label. [407

HOW TO REAR CHILDREN.—Take an example from the Royal Nursery and never be without a bottle of Atkinson and Barker's Royal Infants' Preservative, as supplied to Queen Victoria and the Royal Family, and for nearly a century acknowledged the best medicine in the world for all disorders of infants, and for bowel complaints in adults. Royal Appointment dated 22nd February, 1844. Sold by Chemists everywhere. [335

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE,

LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS,
LONDON. ESTABLISHED 1782.
Prompt and liberal Loss Settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the world.
610] GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

C. AYLING, late William Smart, Architectural Modeller and Composition Ornament Manufacturer,
41, CLIFTON STREET, FINSBURY, LONDON.

Estimates given on receipt of detailed drawings.
[433

FAMILY MOURNING.

MESSRS. JAY, anxious to remove an impression which they find has gained undue circulation, that none but the richest materials in Made-up Skirts, Mantles, and Millinery are sold at this establishment, deem it a duty to themselves and the public to assure all families who have not yet dealt at JAY'S Mourning Warehouse, that they sell an excellent Family Mourning Dress, full length, for the small sum of One Guinea and a Half. Good Wearing Materials are also cut from the piece, and at more than an equivalent for the price, which is from 1s. per yard upwards; and Patterns when desired are always sent as specimens, *Postage Free.*

JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
247, 249, and 251, REGENT STREET. [481

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.—AGUA AMARELLA restores the human hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age. J. GOSNELL & CO. have at length, with the aid of one of the most eminent chemists, succeeded in perfecting this wonderful liquid. It is now offered to the public in a more concentrated form, and at a lower price. Sold in bottles at 3s. each, also 5s., 7s. 6d., and 15s. each, including brush.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S CHERRY TOOTH PASTE is greatly superior to any Tooth Powder, gives the Teeth a Pearl-like whiteness, protects the enamel from decay, and imparts a pleasing fragrance to the breath. Price 1s. 6d. per pot.—Angel Passage, 93, Upper Thames Street, London. [388

WM. CARVER'S DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINES are unequalled for quality, durability, and prices.
Works and Show Rooms, PARK STREET, CHEETHAM HILL ROAD, MANCHESTER. [395

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

HAS BEEN AWARDED

TWO GOLD MEDALS

FOR ITS SUPERIORITY OVER ALL OTHERS.

Makes Bread, Pastry, Puddings, &c., light and wholesome. Sold in 1d. and 2d. Packets, also 6d. and 1s. Patent Boxes. [393

SCHWEPPE'S SODA WATER.

SCHWEPPE'S LEMONADE.

SCHWEPPE'S MALVERN SELTZER.

SCHWEPPE'S POTASS WATER.

Every Bottle is Protected by a Label having Name and Trade Mark. [364

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA. The best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heart-burn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and the best mild aperient for delicate constitutions, especially adapted for ladies, children, and infants. DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

Use Dinneford's Friction Gloves and Belts. [225

Now ready,
Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d., post free 2s. 9d.

THE

DESIDERATUM, or ELECTRICITY MADE PLAIN AND USEFUL.

By a Lover of Mankind (Rev. JOHN WESLEY, 1759).
Reprinted and bound in elegant style, with an Appendix upon the

CURATIVE ELECTRICITY OF MODERN TIMES.

CONTENTS.
Electricity the Soul of the Universe.
The Cat in the Oven, curious Electrical Experiment.
Electricity, how to Imprison it. Conductors and Nonconductors.
Negative and Positive Electricity.
Electric Atmosphere, interesting Phenomena.
Metals and Liquids the only Electric Conductors.
Thunder and Lightning, Rain and Dew, how Produced.
Rain a Preservation from Danger by Lightning.
Lightning Conductor. Aurora Borealis.
The Sensitive Plant, whence it's Sensibility.
A person with Small-pox cannot be Electrified.
Kissing under Difficulties.
The Infancy of Electric Telegraphy, interesting experiments near Westminster Bridge.
Disorders curable by Electricity.
One Hundred and Twenty remarkable Cures by Electricity.
Electricity the greatest of all Remedies.
The Electricity of Modern Times.

"The great philanthropist and divine managed in his quaint and homely way to describe many of the marvels of electricity with an accuracy bordering upon inspiration."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette.*

"We cordially recommend the work to the suffering."—*Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

"The reproduction of this remarkable Essay is very opportune at the present moment."—*East Sussex News.*

"A very remarkable work."—*Bristol Mercury.*

"Wesleyans, at all events, are likely to entertain the notion that their venerable founder knew something about curing bodies as well as curing souls."—*Exeter Gazette.*

"It would be difficult to find a work even now which contains in a condensed form so much valuable information and so much instruction."—*Cardiff Times.*

"Furnishes us with a most fertile source of reference, and suggestions which derive a new interest in the light of the progress which the science has made since that period."—*Medical Press and Circular.*

"There is a quaintness and freshness about this which should make it a general favourite—John Wesley in 1759 seems abreast of us in 1871."—*Publisher's Circular.*

"It is beautifully printed and bound, so that those who are admirers of Wesley, or devotees of electrical science, will regard it as a welcome addition."—*Morning Advertiser.*

"The work is curious and more than curious, it may be of service in promoting the application of electricity as a cure for disease."—*Literary World.*

London: BAILLIERE, TINDALL, and COX,
King William Street, Strand. [442

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE!

PULVERMACHER'S PATENT
GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, AND POCKET BATTERIES.

THESE HIGHLY IMPROVED INVENTIONS render Electricity perfectly self-applicable, in a mild, continuous form, and extremely efficacious, no shock or unpleasant sensation being experienced, whereby it becomes a true fountain of health and vigour, speedily soothing agonising pains, reanimating torpid limbs, reviving the sluggish functions of life, and imparting renewed energy and vitality to constitutions enfeebled by various influences. The daily increasing number of cures effected by PULVERMACHER'S MEDICO-GALVANIC SYSTEM is so extensive and varied that it forcibly points to this invention as the embryo of a universal remedy.

THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONY, signed by the élite of the English medical faculty, has been received:—

"We, the undersigned, have much pleasure in" "testifying that Mr. J. L. PULVERMACHER'S" "recent improvements in his Voltaic Batteries" "and Galvanic Appliances for Medical Purposes" "are of great importance to Scientific Medicine," "and that he is entitled to the consideration" "and support of every one disposed to further" "the advancement of real a. d useful progress."

"Dated this 9th day of Ma ch, 1866."

"CHAS. LOCOCK, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P."
"WM. FERGUSSON, Bart., F.R.S."
"J. RANALD MARTIN, F.R.C.S."

Also Recommended by
Sir DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D., LL.D.
T. H. TANNER, M.D., F.L.S., &c.
J. RUSSELL REYNOLDS, M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P.
C. B. RADCLIFFE, M.D., F.R.C.P.
A. CLARKE, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician to the London Hospital.
&c., &c., &c.

TESTIMONIALS FOLLOWING comprise the continuation of a series of certificates published in rotation, and are but a small portion of a vast number published in a PAMPHLET containing besides various extracts from medical reports by great authorities, and opinions of the medical press, likewise numerous extracts from many standard scientific works, viz., Dr. PEREIRA'S "Materia Medica," 4th Edition; Dr. TANNER'S "Practice of Medicine," 8th Edition; and Dr. HANDFIELD JONES "On Nervous and Functional Disorders," &c. Sent post free on application to J. L. PULVERMACHER and CO., 168, Regent Street, London.

PARALYSIS. (Testimonial.)

"'Prospect House,' Leigh, Essex, Sept. 17th, 1871.

"CASE.—Ernest Stebbing, son of a respectable tradesman. I was called to see him, found him far advanced as a Paralytic, very indistinct utterance, obliquity of vision, slight drawing of the mouth, inability to feed or dress himself, and in attempting to walk when assisted, dragged one foot. On Sunday, July 30th, 1871, first applied the Chain-Battery to spine, and all medicines were discontinued, and the galvanic current administered daily. He rapidly improved. The times of operating were every other day, and now nearly a week without an application. He is now able to walk up and down our hills alone, and regarded as the wonder of the village.

"W. SANKEY, M.D."
"J. L. Pulvermacher and Co., 168, Regent Street, W."

RHEUMATISM. (Testimonial.)

"21, Union Terrace, York, August 7, 1871.

"Mrs. Peacock wishes to say that the Bands have been the means of curing one of her servants of Rheumatism in the arms.

"J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 168, Regent Street, W."

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

(Testimonial.)

"Greenock, August 4, 1871.

"Your Combined Bands which you recommended to me (10th June) have done me much good, and I am now wearing them through the day only.

"JOHN MACAULAY."
"J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 168, Regent Street, W."

RHEUMATISM. (Testimonial.)

"8, Sutton Common Road, Kidderminster, "July 23, 1871.

"I beg to thank you for your Galvanic Chain Band which I purchased of you in January last. I have worn it constantly ever since, as you directed, and with considerable benefit. I consider your remedy a most valuable one, and shall take every opportunity to recommend it to my friends.

"THOMAS INGHAM."
"J. L. Pulvermacher & Co., 168, Regent Street, W."

PRICE LIST of PULVERMACHER'S CHAIN-BANDS, BELTS, and FLEXIBLE BATTERIES.

A. NARROW CHAIN-BANDS for Sciatica, Rheumatic, Neuralgic, and Gouty Pains, Chronic Rheumatism, Local Paralysis, Cramp in the Extremities, according to Electric Power. 18s., 22s., 40s., and upwards.
B. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS or BELTS for Lumbago, Indigestion, Liver, Chest, and Nervous Complaints, &c., wearable as a Belt. 22s. to 40s., and 55s.
C. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS for Nervous Deafness, Head, Tooth, and Face Ache, and Noises in the Head............21s. and upwards.
D. BROAD CHAINS for Loss of Voice and other affections of the Throat, Asthma, Spinal Complaints......... 10s. 6d., 18s., 22s., and 40s.
E. BROAD CHAIN-BANDS for Writers' Cramp, Trembling, Nervousness, &c. 22s. to 30s., 40s., and 60s.
F. COMBINED BANDS for General Debility, Central Paralysis, Epilepsy, and Functional Disorders.................................50s. to 60s.
COMPLETE SET, with VOLTA-ELECTRIC BELTS for restoring Vital Power £5
WITH VOLTAIC FLEXIBLE CHAIN BATTERY £8
G. CHAIN BATTERIES, for Extreme Nervous Debility, Paralysis, and for restoring exhausted Vital Energy (to be used in conjunction with specially combined Bands). £3 10s. to 4 guineas.
H. HIGH-TENSION FLEXIBLE CHAIN POCKET BATTERIES, with a complete set of Combined Bands, Belts, and accessories (for special cases) ....£10 and upwards.

No Galvanic Bands or Belts are genuine but those bearing the fac-simile of J. L. PULVERMACHER'S signature on the label.

PULVERMACHER'S PAMPHLET of recent Testimonials and Medical Reports of Cures, containing other valuable information, sent post free on application to Sole Inventor and Patentee,

J. L. PULVERMACHER,
168, GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. [424

Printed by GRANT & COMPANY, at 72-76, Turnmill Street, and Published by them at 102, Fleet Street, London, E.C.—Saturday, October 14, 1871.